The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1901.

The Week.

The best thing that the Fifty-sixth Congress did was to enact the Gold Standard Act, which marks the longest step yet taken toward the permanent establishment of a sound financial system. The next best thing was the failure to pass the impudent Shipping-Subsidy Bill. But what, besides its extravagance, gives it an unhappy distinction, is its surrender to the Executive of powers which the legislative department formerly held with a firm grasp. Now that the bargain has been carried through, there is perfect frankness about the means by which Democratic opposition in the Senate to the Administration's policy in Cuba and the Philippines was overcome. The *Tribune's* correspondent at Washington cynically tells, on Monday, how liberal appropriations were made to the South and West in the River and Harbor Bill "in return for the Democratic 'lay down' in the Senate on the Philippine and Cuban propositions," how Tillman of South Carolina was "soothed into silence" by the Charleston Exposition appropriation of $250,000, and how Cockrell of Missouri, "the erstwhile 'watchdog of the Treasury,'" was won over by the gift of $5,000,000 to the St. Louis fair. The correspondent could tell the next day of the failure of this immoral consideration, for the River and Harbor Bill was defeated.

"Pure, simple, undiluted, unchecked despotism," Senator Hoar called the action of the Senate in passing the Spooner amendment to confer absolute, monarchical powers over twelve millions of human beings upon five citizens of the United States—or rather upon two, the President and the first civil governor appointed. The one encouraging feature of this whole melancholy spectacle of the Senate of a republic voting away such vast powers in obedience to blind party sentiment, was the acceptance of Senator Hoar's amendment. This forbids outright the sale and leasing of public lands, timber, and mining rights, and confers upon the President the power to grant franchises only when they are indispensable, and only for one year after the establishment of civil government. As Mr. Tillman put it, this drew the teeth of the hyena about to prey upon the Philippines, and the White House was directly heard to cry aloud.

As was expected, the House put through the Army Bill, Imperialistic and promise-breaking amendments and all, without hesitation and almost without debate. It apparently went on the principle that the less said about such things the better. A small conscience vote among Republicans was cast in opposition, or was withheld, but the President and the party will consider this a wholly negligible quantity. Republicans with a few dregs of conscience left are simply set down as "queer," and it is felt that no more need be said. Meanwhile the Cubans, whom we have deceived and cheated and now mean to coerce, are reported as still determined to reject our ultimatum. But this is explained as due only to their wish to stand well with "the masses" of the island. It is, of course, a grotesque supposition, or, as the *Tribune* puts it, "mere trifling," to say that we need to or shall pay any attention to "masses." We have the guns, and that ends the argument.

Some credulous people still think that the annexation of Cuba is not intended. They seem as unable to perceive the intent and effect of the language used in the Senate amendment as they are to fathom the purposes of the "original annexationists," who are now chuckling over the realization of their aims more speedily than they had dared to hope. Let there be no mistake about this—the annexation of Cuba is the goal to which the Administration is definitely and consciously marching. True, a few Republican editors and leaders think to stop half-way down the precipice. They have an idea that they can arrest their fall at a protectorate, or a colonial régime; anyhow, they now rebel, or profess to rebel, at the suggestion of Cuba's coming into the American Union as a State, or two or three States. But these benevolent aristocrats must not deceive themselves. They will not long be allowed to govern Cuba at the end of their finger-tips. The democratic principle may be temporarily in abeyance, but it will surely flame out again. We cannot hope permanently to govern 1,500,000 people at our door as we think best. not as they think best. They will surely come to govern themselves and help govern us. Men who are not congenitally or wilfully blind, who think clear and see straight, cannot be deluded on this point. The denial of independence to Cuba means the certain and speedy incorporation of the island in the American Union.

After our Cuban perjury, it will be hard to maintain any longer that Imperialism has anything to do with morals or religion. We shall have to go over frankly to the Bismarckian view that "principles" are as much out of place in politics as would be a pole held crossed in the mouth of a man trying to run rapidly along a narrow path in the woods. Good faith and honor must be discarded if we are to get on. The Senate had some witnesses to the facts and to truth, but it rode over them in the shamefaced silence of a brute majority applied in place of argument or explanation. Senator Morgan said to his fellows that they were guilty of "arrant hypocrisy" to make any such demands of Cuba as they were proposing to make, and yet to maintain that they were "executing the purpose and the pledge of Congress." The good Republicans said nothing except to express their impatience to vote. Senator Pettus told the majority that they were "bringing disgrace on the name of the American people," and Senator Tillman set forth the exact truth when he said, "We are, in the face of the Almighty and Christendom, telling a lie when we make that demand." It will now be very interesting to watch the religious papers come about into the popular wind, in this Cuban falsity. They have been taking high moral ground on the subject of our pledge to the Cubans. The United States must live up to it religiously; it must not be modified in word or letter, except as Cuba herself may ask for it—that is what they have said. We felt at the time that it was a rash commitment on the part of these leaders of religious opinion. It would have been much better to lie low and not have their own words, as well as our national promise, to swallow. But that they will swallow both with the utmost grace, and even unction, there is little reason to doubt. They will doubtless contend that Cuba has consented to give us what we demand, and that this lets us out. As a matter of fact, she has, so far, refused, and if she does ultimately consent, it will be very much as the victim of a burglary consents to give up his watch and money to save his life.

"We shall not leave the destiny of the loyal millions in the [Philippine] islands to the disloyal thousands who are in rebellion against the United States." Thus President McKinley, in his inaugural. We can well imagine with what *vivas* this sentiment will be cheered as it passes from Filipino to Filipino throughout the islands. No loyal native can hear it, we are certain, without tears of joy that his great President in Washington should pledge him support so firmly. So, too, will rejoice the officers of the army, to whom the President referred as men doing "faithful and noble work in their mission of emancipation," even though they may wince under the reference to the paltry "thousands" whom Gen. MacArthur's

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71,000 troops could not subdue. Here is what one of them, well up on the list of infantry officers, experienced in war and peace, says (January 6) of the townspeople he has "emancipated" and of whom he is the sole ruler:

"I have sized up the inhabitants of my town as follows: They are well-disposed, or appear to be so, because I have the necessary force to compel it. The town is clean because I make the people clean it. They are obedient because obedience is required and disobedience is punished. I trust very few of them any further than I can see them. They would like all Americans very much better if the Americans *were all dead.*"

Opinions will differ about the good taste of the President's inaugural address. Even the *Tribune* finds in it "self-laudation," though it gallantly adds that this could not have been "intended." His English will find no admirers. It is both ungrammatical and unintelligible. He uses words in a non-natural sense. When he says "independence" of Cuba, it is clear that he does not mean what the dictionaries and international law understand by the term. He has some vague, elastic, elusive thing in mind, which will take its exact meaning from the future event. So let nobody suppose that Mr. McKinley is binding himself to anything in respect of Cuba. The *Times*, indeed, sees in his language a "solemn engagement," and innocently adds that he "has *generally* kept" such personal pledges; but this is to show one's self little skilled in McKinleyese. When the President speaks, for example, of American "justice" being the same thing in Manila that it is in New York, he gives a sense of his own to the word. Only on Saturday an American citizen arrived in San Francisco who had been deported from Manila without trial, and solely on the ground that he was "mendacious." That is what the President means by "justice." It may be a good thing, but it is not what we have always understood by the word. It is an instance of the "under-song" in Mr. McKinley's vocabulary. He still says that the Teller resolution regarding Cuba "must be made good"; but in the same breath he expresses his approval of the recent act of Congress which notoriously makes it bad.

How rapidly the Philippines are becoming Americanized becomes plainer day by day. Gen. MacArthur, for instance, has been giving our State Governors, particularly that narrow-minded one who recently stopped a contest in Cincinnati, some good pointers as to how to treat the "prize-fighting fraternity" decently. On Thanksgiving eve, we learn from the Manila *Times*, there was a "grand boxing tournament" in the Alhambra Theatre between Spike Sullivan and Joe Cult, and Dennis Travers and Kid Wilhelm. This edifying and instructive occasion was preceded a few days only by three contests in which Marshall of the Sixth Artillery figured largely. Unfortunately, the spectators were not satisfied with the outcome of the first two bouts, and we regret to learn that there were "hisses and cries of fake" at the end of each. But if justice was cheated there, no one can read the accounts of Judge Whitsett's decision in the Parian Police Court without a thrill of satisfaction at the knowledge that simon-pure American law is being served out to all who come into this Missouri volunteer lieutenant's court. There, for instance, appeared Pedro Castro and his band of native musicians on the shocking and heinous charge of having played "Aguinaldo's March" at a church festival. Here was high treason and direct incitement to mutiny against the great American republic, and the band paid for it at the rate of $100 fine and thirty days each in jail. A lesson was necessary, this American judge declared—and they got it. So, too, did the five loathsome wretches whose crime was the printing of pictures emblematical of freedom upon cigarette wrappers. Thus brilliantly does our famous American personal liberty illuminate the darkness of the Philippines! We trust that no Filipino will be so dastardly as to translate the "Biglow Papers" and circulate them in Manila. If he does, may the righteous wrath of Whitsett of Missouri, lieutenant of infantry and judge of infamy, descend upon him!

What is the condition of a community in which such an outrage can occur as the deliberate lynching of a negro murderer, the burning of his body after death, and the distribution of fragments as souvenirs, all of which occurred in Terre Haute, Ind., the other day, in the presence of a large crowd, which included women and children? Can such a place be called civilized? These are questions which go to the very heart of things, and we are glad to see them frankly raised by a leading newspaper of the city. "Is Civilization a Failure?" was the title of an editorial article which appeared in the Terre Haute *Gazette* on the day after the frightful affair. The editor pointed out that only a small fraction of the people were in the crowd which gathered while the lynching progressed, and that many in this crowd were opposed to violence, but none of these would carry their opposition beyond words, and "a great preponderance of people in that crowd sympathized with the angry and desperate men who were willing to go to any length to wreak summary vengeance on the murderer." Moreover, the *Gazette* is constrained to make the "humiliating confession" that the sentiment of the town really approved the performance—an opinion since strikingly confirmed by the commendations which the Sheriff has been receiving for encouraging his deputies to yield to the mob.

Another Indianian expressed some views recently which seem worth considering in view of these Terre Haute developments. Not long ago *Harper's Weekly*, which had been a thick-and-thin supporter of the Administration's Expansion policy, published an editorial article which admitted that there were two sides to the question of Imperialism, and invited a general expression of opinion from its readers. Dozens of letters in response have appeared in the last two issues of the *Weekly*, the majority of which, by the way, are against the course of our Government in the Philippines. The communication from the Rev. Stanley Hughes of Richmond, Ind., must have been written at least ten days before Ward was lynched at Terre Haute, but he suggested the development of forces in society which operate to such ends. Mr. Hughes has lately seen a letter from a soldier in the Philippines in which he tells how the men of his company shoot unknown natives on sight; how his sergeant was cheered because, on coming in sight of a Filipino in a distant field, he shot him dead—a very fine shot; how some natives, fleeing from their homes at the approach of the Americans, were wounded and left without food or drink in a deserted hut for twenty-four hours, and "we were surprised to find them alive on our return." This young man, Mr. Hughes says, went from a Christian home and bears the name of an honored family; and the brother of Mr. Hughes, to whom the letter was written, and who served with him in the Spanish war, is amazed to find him so brutalized that he can tell these things. The incident suggested some reflections to the Indiana clergyman which it is worth while to quote:

"But is it not the natural result of a cruel war that those who wage it lose their finer sense of right? Is not our country suffering a convulsion of mob violence? Are not negroes being burned? Is not the whipping-post seriously recommended in New England, and seriously needed? Has not Jane Addams found crimes of cruelty redoubled in frequency in the slum district of Chicago since this war began, and that, too, among the youth?"

Gov. McSweeney of South Carolina is quoted as being extremely indignant at the shocking revelations in regard to the enslaving of negroes in convict labor stockades in his State. He insists that the negro convicts leased out to contractors are well treated, and that it is the densely ignorant and non-criminal negroes who are being abused and deprived of freedom. The Governor is said to have denounced this condition of affairs as worse than lynching, and to

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have declared that he will conduct an investigation himself, regardless of cost, if his duly appointed law officers fail to do their duty. Furthermore, the Governor has stumbled upon the truth by saying that if the enslavement of negroes is not stopped, that of poor whites will follow. In this case, as in the matter of lynching, it is the whites that suffer most in the end. Their punishment comes inevitably in the form of their own brutalization by the lawless acts they commit, each one a downward step from the plane of civilization. In regard to the Anderson outrage the highest praise is due to the Anderson *Mail*, which dared to expose the system, and the nefarious traffic of its own neighbors, at what must have been a considerable personal and pecuniary risk to the editor. Such courage as this deserves its medal of valor. Both the Anderson *Mail* and the Columbia *State* agree that the infamous system of leasing negro convicts, which Gov. McSweeney defends, is at the bottom of the whole trouble, and that it must go.

There has been some sharp comment in the War Department and in the service newspapers upon the looseness and carelessness of the language of the law for the increase of the army, which was signed on February 2. The ink of the President's signature was scarcely dry before it became necessary to ask for corrective legislation in the shape of riders to appropriation bills. For instance, by some oversight, appointments to the Quartermaster's and Commissary's Departments were limited to volunteer officers already serving in those departments, instead of being thrown open to all volunteers, as was intended. This is but a sample of the errors of the law, which will cause endless perplexity to the Judge-Advocate-General, the Comptroller, Auditor, and Attorney-General for months if not years to come. Speaking of this latest example of growing Congressional carelessness in lawmaking, the *Army and Navy Register* of Washington says:

> "It is barbaric in its inconsistencies and inadequacies. There has been nothing worse as a literary composition pretending to the dignity of a United States statute. The bill will be construed, of course, in the best interests of the army, and it will not be allowed to block the legitimate purposes of the legislators by any narrow process of interpretation which is possible as the result of the carelessness of those who are responsible for the law. It will be due entirely to the liberality of the interpreters of the act, therefore, that the law is not an absolute failure and does not defeat its own objects by its defects in phraseology."

But no interpreters of any act of Congress should be given the opportunity to exercise their judgment in the matter. As in the case of the canteen, two years ago, such an opportunity for "liberality" in construction may very easily result in thwarting the plain intentions of Congress.

New Jersey is taking a backward step in the bill abolishing "spring elections" in the cities of the State. Gov. Voorhees has signed it, although he was understood to be strongly opposed to the measure. It was confessedly urged by politicians only, and for partisan reasons only—that municipal elections might be held again on the same day as State elections, and so State and national politics be brought into questions of purely local administration. The prime movers were the Republicans of Essex County, who think to prevent the (to them) unhappy spectacle of the city of Newark going Democratic again and again in the municipal election, though strongly Republican on State and national issues. But their bill, to which the Governor has given reluctant consent, may be held unconstitutional by the courts where the Democrats mean at once to carry it, and in any case is apt to provoke a reaction which will defeat the aims of its promoters. Many shrewd Republicans are predicting that the inevitable result will be to lose for their party both cities and State. However that may be, the principle of separate elections is so well established and approved in New Jersey experience, as elsewhere, that this attempt to overthrow it can be regarded only as a vicious partisan manœuvre.

Lord Wolseley's reputation as a strategist was never great, and can hardly be said to have been enhanced by his long-promised attack on the English War Office in the House of Lords on Monday. Not even Methuen himself could have advanced more directly upon the enemy's position than did the Field-Marshal. But the enemy, in the person of Lord Lansdowne, was ready for him with a flank attack which was driven home with force. To Wolseley's criticisms of the War Office, that the titular Commander-in-Chief is limited to recommendations to the Secretary for War; that the army is divided into four independent, water-tight compartments, and that there is a fatal distribution of responsibility, the reply was that, whatever the faults of the system might be, Wolseley had not made the best of it nor understood his duties. Lord Lansdowne did not hesitate to declare that the mistakes and blunders in South Africa were not due to the system, but to the fact that it was not carried out as faithfully as it should have been. In enumerating his own duties to Lord Salisbury, the Field-Marshal had failed to state that among his most important were those of preparing plans for offence and defence and for mobilizing the army. Altogether Lord Wolseley was well routed in this first skirmish of what is certain to grow into a pretty general engagement before it is ended.

Several French professors—the offensive "intellectuels" of Dreyfus days—have united in a public protest against the enormities of which the Christian troops in China have been guilty. They call the attention of "all friends of humanity" to the narrative of "massacre and pillage" at the hands of Europeans in China, denounce such deeds as "criminal," and demand that the respective governments of the guilty men proceed against them with due severity. Of course, nothing of the kind will be done. Each nation will take it out by concealing its own misdeeds and blushing ostentatiously for the crimes of the others. Yet such a protest as that of these enlightened Frenchmen—Bréal, Havet, Reclus, and the others—is heartening. Humanity and decency have some witnesses left yet. All have not bowed the knee to the Baal of Imperialism. Perhaps the indignant cry of these leaders of French thought had something to do with the shipping back from Marseilles of the boxes of Pekin loot. But one could wish that similar protests might make themselves heard in other Christian countries—the United States, for example. So far as we know, there has not been among us one organized expression of the shame and horror that is widely felt in connection with the slaughter and rapine in China. The churches and missionary societies cannot, it seems to us, afford to keep silent much longer, lest they be thought to acquiesce in the crimes committed in the name of Christianity.

The Macedonian situation has long been an uneasy one. A few months ago it nearly caused a rupture between Rumania and Bulgaria. High officials of the Bulgarian principality are members of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee, and while the Bulgarian state opposes the revolutionary movement by all moral means, it appears wholly powerless to control the revolutionary propaganda, even in the Bulgarian capital. There is no question that the committees mean to precipitate a war, trusting probably to Russian intervention, and looking forward to a further partition of the northern range of Turkey in Europe. Arms are freely imported, outrages here and there keep the advance of the conspiracy in sight, and the leaders are bold enough to promise open revolt for the month of April. The success of the "Ethnike Hetairia" in precipitating the brief and inglorious war between Turkey and Greece presages alarmingly the possibilities of the present situation. The Turks could presumably settle the matter as easily again if only they were let alone. But would they again be let alone? That is the question. That they are fully alive to the peril of the situation, the irade for the mobilizaiton of fifty thousand troops on the Macedonian border abundantly proves.

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THE GOOD-NATURED PRESIDENCY.

American political history has had its "Era of Good Feeling"; we now have our epoch of good nature. Mr. McKinley is likely to be known as the mildest-mannered President that ever suffered long and was kind in the White House, and his Presidency as the political replica of "The Good-Natured Man." He has absolutely no enemies, because he will allow no man to be his enemy. When he comes to lie on his death-bed and is exhorted, like the Spanish Marshal, to forgive his enemies, his reply will be the same as that of Narvaez: "I have none. I have killed them all." But Mr. McKinley will mean that he has killed his with kindness. "I ran into a bank of roses," was the comment of an angry Senator who had gone to the White House to protest against an appointment to office—the only thing, of course, which can rouse the celestial ire of a Senator. He might have added that not even roses are allowed in the President's room unless they are thornless.

You cannot, in fact, talk with Congressmen and others who have had business with the Executive during the past four years, without discovering that his term of office is distinguished above all others by personal kindliness. "That kindly gentleman in the White House" is the ordinary Washington way of referring to Mr. McKinley. It betrays an undertone of something very like contempt, but, anyhow, kind hearts are more than the Constitution, and the President has determined to be good and let who will be clever. This is what Senator Hoar means by calling Mr. McKinley "the best beloved" President that over occupied the White House—his charity is so all-embracing, approving of right and wrong with equal tenderness, endorsing contradictory principles with generous hospitality for every view. He "abounds," as the Spanish say, in the sentiments of every man with whom he talks. The Presidential hand goes confidingly to the Congressional shoulder. "What can I do for you? Ah, that favor, I am sorry to say, is promised to another, but let me give you something 'equally as good.'" Like the great Marlborough, Mr. McKinley allows a political or personal enmity to stand in his way no more than would the law of gravitation. Good nature is his forte and kindliness his foible. His method and theory of government are a compound of blandishment and promise. "Let us all be as good as we can, and better when convenient."

On the merely personal side, all this has its obvious advantages. It enables the President, after having been kind to everybody, to go off to unruffled sleep. No worry, no friction, no sense of a promise unmade can ever trouble a public man who makes it his rule to be strong upon the stronger side, and to govern by yielding. The happy temperament that means an easy-going and a long life, Mr. McKinley has in a degree which any of us might envy. Only, the question is whether this is the fittest temperament for the chief ruler of a great nation. It is the more necessary to ask and answer this question because, rather surprisingly, many people are pointing with approval to the astonishing efficiency of the President's method. See all that he has accomplished. Observe how harmonious his relations with Congress are. How much better for the machinery of government, to say nothing of policy, Mr. McKinley's wheedling is than Mr. Cleveland's grumbling and lecturing. It is, after all, good nature which makes the wheels go round.

Now, in putting this theory to the test—the theory that the President must stoop to conquer, and that honeyed words will extract from Congress what no reminder of public duty can secure—we must rule out all that has been done at Mr. McKinley's request in support and prosecution of war. The war spirit always breaks down the Opposition, and makes the man master who determines to give it its head. The personal equation does not enter here. To a curmudgeon as readily as to a man all adrip with kindness Congress will give what the madness of war demands. We see how the thing works in England to-day. The Boer war has dashed the Liberals to pieces, Salisbury has a free hand. Go back only to our own unlucky Venezuelan episode of 1895. When Mr. Cleveland, the disliked, the tactless, the deadlocked, talked war for a day, both houses and all parties of Congress sprang to "stand behind him." They voted him $100,000 on the trigger, and would just as easily have voted him $50,000,000. The good-natured method, we see, therefore, is out of the reckoning when the war mania is upon the country. The governmental machine then goes of itself.

It is, rather, to the ordinary routine of legislation that we must look to determine whether flabby good nature is the quality most to be desired in a President. And here it will be found that Mr. McKinley has as long a line of failures as any of his predecessors. "International bimetallism," shipping subsidies, the Nicaragua Canal, a Government cable to Hawaii—these are among the measures which he has "earnestly" urged, or described as a "paramount necessity," but none of which he has accomplished. The capital instance, however, is the way in which Mr. McKinley's treaties have been flouted by the Senate. This comes nearest to the President's prestige. He negotiates treaties. He is personally committed to them. If there were anything in the theory that a President who refuses Senators nothing would easiest induce them to grant him everything, we ought to see the most perfect harmony between Executive and Senate in this matter of treaties. But what do we see? Leaving out again the war, we see that Mr. McKinley has a longer list of rejected or smothered treaties than any of his predecessors. The arbitration treaty with England, which he pressed upon the Senate with religious fervor, it first amended out of all semblance to the original, and then allowed to die of inanition. The Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty has met an even more contumelious death; and the whole line of reciprocity treaties sleep the sleep that knows no waking in the Senate's archives. Surely, an irascible and impractical man like Mr. Cleveland could have fared no worse than this.

We press the point because it is the convincing illustration of the truth that, in some ways, it is "here below," as the poet says, "fatal to be good." There is such a thing as fatal good nature. To be so meek and yielding that your authority is despised is not the road to efficiency. The Senate was never weaker in personnel than it is to-day, yet it is strong enough to defy the ease-loving President. Senators know that he will fall on their necks as before; so they wink at each other, praise the President (one hand always behind their back to receive the expected favor), and then go on in their blindly selfish way. He has made them strong by his uncomplaining deference and unprecedented turning over of patronage to them; and they use this strength against his very policies. That is the fine fruit of his good-natured theory of government, as we see it in actual practice.

In a larger way and in more critical questions, we cannot fail to see how the past four years of good nature have been four years of public demoralization. The typical instance in Mr. McKinley's career is that so innocently narrated by his friend, Mr. Kohlsaat. It was at the time when the expediency of endorsing the gold standard in the St. Louis platform of 1896 was under debate. The prospective candidate pointed to two piles of letters on his desk. One was for endorsement, the other and larger pile was against it. Therefore, he was against it. In this we see the key to a good-natured character which is ever fortune's champion. It makes it easy for him, but it may be death for the country. A President who had no convictions which could not be gracefully waived at the demand of an apparent majority, took us kindly and prayerfully into the Spanish war. There was the supreme test of good nature in the President, and it broke down so disastrously as to discredit hopelessly this new-fangled theory that a man set in high place must use a wooden lath instead of cold steel. The boasted triumph of tender-heartedness, in conjunction with spineless inertia and waiting

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on chance, is really enough to make the standards of an earlier day seem infinitely better. "Away," cried Canning, "with the cant of 'Measures, not men'—the idle supposition that it is the harness, not the horses, that draw the chariot along. No, sir; if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are everything, measures are comparatively nothing. I speak of times of difficulty and danger, when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail; then it is not to that or to this measure, but to the energy and character of individuals, a state must be indebted for its salvation."

LIFTING THE PHILIPPINE VEIL.

After nearly three years of silence and secrecy respecting the peace negotiations with Spain at Paris, the President has at last sent to the Senate his original instructions to the Peace Commissioners, and his subsequent correspondence and instructions during the weeks through which the conferences were protracted. "Certain matters," says Secretary Hay in his letter of transmittal, are still withheld as being "inconsistent with the public interest to communicate," but he assures us that they "in no wise affected the negotiations as between the United States and Spain." Thus we have the whole story for the first time, and a curious one it is.

To begin with, Mr. McKinley instructed his Commissioners on September 16, 1898:

> "It is my earnest wish that the United States, in making peace, should follow the same high rule of conduct which guided it in facing war. It should be as scrupulous and magnanimous in the concluding settlement as it was just and humane in its original action. The lustre and the moral strength attaching to a cause which can be confidently rested upon the considerate judgment of the world, should not under any illusion of the hour be dimmed by ulterior designs which might tempt us into excessive demands or into an *adventurous departure on untried paths*. It is believed that the true glory and the enduring interests of country will most surely be served if an unselfish duty conscientiously accepted, and a signal triumph honorably achieved, shall be crowned by such an example of *moderation, restraint, and reason in victory* as best comports with the traditions and character of our enlightened republic."

Noble sentiments, truly; and that they were understood by two at least of the Commissioners to be aimed against the acquisition of the Philippines, was made certain by the telegrams sent to the President on October 25, by Judge Day and Senator Gray. The former said:

> "I am unable to agree that we should peremptorily demand the entire Philippine island group. *In the spirit of our instructions*, and bearing in mind the often-declared disinterestedness of purpose and freedom from designs of conquest with which the war was undertaken, we should be consistent in our demands in making peace."

Senator Gray added that to take the whole of the archipelago would be to "make a mockery" of the President's instructions.

Against what, in fact, could Mr. McKinley's solemn warning concerning "an adventurous departure on untried paths" have been directed unless against just this project for taking over the whole archipelago? That it had been pressed upon him, we know from the testimony of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who has declared that he advocated the taking of all the Philippines "in the very first conference in the President's room at the White House, in advance of any instructions of any sort." But it is evident that when the instructions came, they were intended as a kind of *Apage Sathanas* to this proposal of Commissioner Reid's. The President would never consent to that untried path. He instructed the Commissioners to demand Luzon, and even that only as a kind of disagreeable military and commercial necessity. And it was not till more than a month later, after his Western tour of stump-speaking, that the President discovered from the cheering crowds that "the sentiment in the United States is almost universal" that the Philippines should all be taken, and instructed his Commissioners to go blithely ahead with the adventurous departure upon untried paths.

All this is an official confirmation of what was freely suspected and said at the time. The President was averse to the Philippine venture, but was howled into it by the populace that thronged about his car platform. He had no new information to impart to the Commissioners; he simply told them that "the President concurs" in the "sentiment," and the thing was done. It was done rashly, but it was not done blindly. The President was plainly warned of the danger of his course by two of his own Commissioners, Judge Day and Senator Gray. They gave him, moreover, information which it was fatuous in him to disregard. For example, he was told on October 7 that "Aguinaldo and his leaders will resist any attempt to reorganize a colonial government, but *want native republic*." On the same date the President was informed of Gen. Merritt's opinion that "if the United States attempted to take possession of Luzon, or all the group as a colony, Aguinaldo and his immediate followers would resist it." With what face, after this, could Mr. McKinley say, as he did at Fargo, North Dakota, on October 13, 1899, "We never dreamed that the little body of insurgents . . . would turn upon the flag that had delivered them from Spain"? He had been officially and authoritatively told that they would do just that thing.

The President was not deceived about the aspirations of the natives and their determination to resist his aggression. But he was undoubtedly misled as to the strength of their resistance. Gen. Merritt informed him that Aguinaldo's forces "are divided, and his opposition would not amount to anything." Elsewhere this high military authority roundly declared that "the natives could not resist 5,000 troops." That will do to set beside the British "Promenade to Pretoria," for military expertness. It was going to be so easy, and Messrs. Davis, Frye, and Reid assured the President that the revenues of the islands were ample to pay for "the whole cost of administration and defence." How safe that seemed to make the departure on untried paths, in pressing forward upon which we have since had to use an army of 70,000 men, and spend at least $350,000,000!

From the very first, however, the President appeared to feel that he might be tempted on the commercial side. Nothing, he said, but "duty and humanity" must guide the Commissioners in their deliberations, but still there was an "incidental" "commercial opportunity" which they must not overlook. He did not overlook it himself. There has been much wondering about that dispatch of Dewey's recommending the retention of Luzon. How did he come to send it? It was in answer to a telegram from the President. On August 13 (the very day after the peace protocol was signed), Mr. McKinley desired the Admiral's opinion on "the relative desirableness of the several islands." He was averse to an untried path, but if he must walk in it, he wanted to make sure that it would lead him to the richest islands. Could there be a more deliberate preparation of temptation, or a more evident intention to yield to it in the end? In the light of these revelations, and of the President's abandonment of his own prescribed "moderation and restraint" in settling the terms of peace, his protestations of devotion to the good of the islanders put him in the same category with the crocodile lawyer of the 'Bab Ballads,' Mr. Baines Carew, whose "grief would overcome him so, He'd scarce have strength to take his fee," and of whom the veracious Mr. Gilbert wrote:

> "No charges can approximate
> The worth of sympathy with woe—
> Although I think I ought to state
> He did his best to make them so."

It will be said that all this is a "dead issue," "burnt powder," a "closed case," and so on. But it is important to bring out the facts, because the same policy of concealment and shiftiness is still being practised by the same Administration. On October 13, 1898, the President telegraphed the Commissioners, in reply to a suggestion that we should assume a certain sovereignty in Cuba:

> "We must carry out the *spirit and letter* of the resolution of Congress."

How he is carrying it out now, we know. In Cuba, as in the Philippines, he conceives it to be his duty to lay down lofty

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principles of conduct for the express purpose of making his own violations of them appear the more heinous.

THE CITY MUST WORK OUT ITS OWN SALVATION.

The decision of the Court of Appeals, annulling the Prevailing Rate of Wages Law, on the ground of unconstitutionality, is important in itself, because it establishes, regarding municipalities, a sound principle which will save New York city millions of dollars; but it is of far greater significance for the philosophy which underlies it. The law in question was a particularly offensive display of the legislative disposition to truckle to "organized labor." It provided that a contractor performing public work should pay his workmen at a rate "not less than the prevailing rate for a day's work in the same trade or occupation in the locality"; the theory being that the contractor might thus often be forced to pay men more than they were ready to work for. The court sets this requirement aside for various reasons, of which one is sufficient—the fact that "it invades rights of liberty and property, in that it denies to the city and the contractor the right to agree with their employees upon the measure of their compensation, and compels them in all cases to pay an arbitrary and uniform rate, which is expressed in vague language, difficult to define or ascertain, and subject to constant change from artificial causes."

It is, however, in the definition of State authority over cities and in the restrictions imposed upon this authority that the chief value of the decision rests. The court admits that the Legislature is clothed with extensive powers over the administration of municipal governments, but it maintains that these powers are not arbitrary. The Legislature cannot, for example, compel a city to give money or loan credit for any private purpose, or fix the price which a city must pay for materials or labor, or appoint city officers, because the Constitution recognizes the existence of cities as political and corporate bodies, and restricts the authority of the Legislature to interfere in matters of local government. Local self-government for cities is established in the fundamental law, and, as Judge O'Brien forcibly puts it, local self-government "would be nothing but a sham, a delusion, and a snare" if the Legislature could do such things as were attempted in the Rate of Wages Law four years ago—and, he might have added, in the provision of the Police Commission Law which gives the Governor the power to remove the Police Commissioner of New York city.

It is peculiarly fortunate that sound doctrines regarding municipal government should thus be enunciated by the highest judicial tribunal at the very time when the relation of the State to its largest municipality is under discussion, both at Albany and in New York city. The plain implication of Judge O'Brien's language is that the Court of Appeals will declare unconstitutional that part of the Police Commission Law which empowers the Governor to remove the Police Commissioner of New York, if the statute shall be brought before it. Whether this shall happen or not, the recent decision shows plainly that this provision is against the spirit of the Constitution, and is really one of those things which, if allowed, would make local self-government only a sham, a delusion, and a snare.

So far as the argument for State interference in the affairs of New York city is not partisan and insincere, it is based upon the assumption that the metropolis is to be saved by the help of outsiders, whereas the truth is that the city must work out its own salvation. The very development of the commonwealth proves this. New York is fast becoming a State of large cities, in the sense that the Government of the State must before long be controlled by the people of the large cities. It would be so controlled to-day, except for the fact that the chief city is almost always Democratic, while the rural districts and some of the other cities are Republican. Neither this partisan element nor any attempt to restrict through the Constitution the legislative representation of the metropolis will permanently prevent the triumph of majority rule in this and in other States. Of course the moment that the majority living in cities controls a Legislature, the whole theory of the State imposing upon the cities other government than they desire utterly breaks down.

Indeed, this theory would already have broken down here if it had chanced, as it well might, that there had been originally two colonies, one of New York, comprising the bulk of the present commonwealth, and another of Manhattan, taking in what has become New York city and the suburban districts. In that case New York city would now elect nearly the whole Legislature of Manhattan, and the State could not make the Government of the city anything different from what the city wanted, because the State and the city would be practically identical. In Rhode Island the city of Providence already has more people than all the rest of the State, and while Constitutional restrictions still prevent it from exercising its fair share of power in the Legislature, every student of government knows that, as the majority of Rhode Island people living in Providence grows larger, that majority will more and more have its way about the government of Providence.

We might as well meet this issue fairly and squarely at the beginning of the new century. New York and a number of other States are already or will soon be States with a majority of their people living in cities. The residents of those cities are entitled to have the sort of government they want, and they will have it—whether it is good, bad, or indifferent. The rural sections ought not to govern the cities, and they will not long have the power. The nineteenth-century test of democracy was its capacity to rule a nation composed of States whose people lived for the most part in the country or in small towns. The twentieth-century test will be its capacity to rule the great cities which will dominate many of the States. The question must be decided by those cities, and the sooner the people in the rural districts understand this, the better all around.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

I passed part of the summer of 1893 in Edinburgh, and went one Sunday to church in the little Gothic chapel of Roslyn, celebrated for the mediæval beauty of its architecture. I drove out for that purpose three or four miles from the city, and, when I entered the church, found the clergyman (Episcopal) preaching on King David, and going slowly over the chapter in which the King's misdeeds are recounted. At the close of the history of each one, he paused, and said: "I am sorry; he should not have acted thus; I wish he had not done so, but we know he was a man of God." At the close of his discourse he said, as a sort of summing up, but very necessary: "How do we know he was a man of God? Why, the Bible tells us so."

I have since been forcibly reminded of this incident by Senator Hoar's comic defences of the revered McKinley, and similarly of the defence of Clovis, the first King of France, by Gregory of Tours, the Christian historian of the sixth century. Mr. Hoar, after employing all the force of his rhetoric in painting the crimes and illegalities which McKinley had permitted or instigated in the Philippines, spent the last half-year in trying to impose him on his country as Chief Magistrate, and voted for him himself. Clovis had for neighbor another Gothic chief named Cloderic, son of Sigebert the Lame, so called from a wound received in the knee in a battle against the Allemanni in which Alaric was killed. Clovis instigated Cloderic to kill his father, saying: "Thy father is old and lame. If he should die, his kingdom would belong to thee, as well as my friendship." Having obeyed this hint, Cloderic sent to Clovis, saying: "My father is dead. Send hither thy envoys, that I may show them my treasure, and take what pleaseth thee." Clovis thanks him sweetly for his good will, and sends his envoys with directions to murder him, which is accomplished by knocking his brains out while Cloderic stoops over his ill-gotten stores.

Finding father and son no longer in his way, Clovis appears on the scene in person, and reasons thus with their subjects: "See what has happened; while I navigated the river Escaut, Cloderic, son of my relative, filled his father's ears with fears of

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me; as he fled across the forest, Cloderic sent murderers after him, who slew him; Cloderic has himself been assassinated, I cannot tell by whom. I am a stranger to all this. I could not shed the blood of my relatives—that would be a crime ('criminal aggression'); but since such things have come to pass, I will give you this advice, and, if it is agreeable to you, you will accept it. Have recourse to me, and put yourselves under my protection." The warriors applauded him, and recognized him as their king. In this way, Clovis added the treasure and the kingdom of Sigebert to his own, and Gregory thus concludes this pious narrative: "Every day God caused his enemies to fall into his hands" (Destiny), "and increased his kingdom, for he walked with an upright heart before the Lord, and did the thing that was good in His eyes" (Duty).

The similarity of all this to our own historical episode would strike everybody. McKinley's murders are many times more numerous than those of Clovis. Not only has human nature not changed, but the religion which was to change human nature has not changed either. Nothing about Christianity has been to my eyes more astonishing than the facility with which a modern Christian is able to twist it to suit his own purposes, or to forward his own designs, however criminal. I have lately searched history, as well as I am able, to get hold of some piece of wickedness which Christianity has impeded or prevented. On the contrary, when such a thing is designed or being carried out, we find as many religious papers and pious men supporting it, or finding excuses for it, as good men who oppose it. And I suppose so it will be to the end.

We are having another illustration of the same kind in China to-day. In that country we have sent several bands of Christians to protect the cross with Krupp guns, as Dr. Parkhurst has well said; in other words, we have left nothing undone to show that Christians are hypocrites and do not believe their own gospel. This has been, for ages, the way of the world at large, but we flattered ourselves that America was to prove an exception to the rule; yet she has been, every year for the last four, looking around for fresh iniquities to commit. Stephen B. Elkins first attracted my attention to the decay of Christian morality among us a few years ago when he interpolated an unauthorized passage in a public bill, and jauntily justified his course by saying that, whatever was said or thought of it, his act was committed "for America"—America evidently standing in the place occupied by Satan. There is no doubt that thousands of our young men to-day are brought up to believe that, provided a thing be done for "our country," its moral aspect does not admit of question. In other words, the coming of Christ has not made the slightest difference to them. Their patriotism is that of the Greeks or Romans.

The Chinese enterprise is the last fine flower of the modern gospel. There could not be a better illustration of the way to fight the devil with fire. Satan's arts have all been borrowed by Christian armies, to punish Chinese wickedness, and every species of iniquity which man could devise against his fellow-man has been employed. In fact, if I were compelled to describe the history of the United States during the last four years, I should have no hesitation in calling it an attempt to carry on a great nation without morals or religion. I should not care how sick my answer made Imperialists look, for I should cite as my authority the book in which the Roslyn minister found his authority for his eulogy on David. E. L. G.

THE FIRST PORTO RICAN LEGISLATURE.

SAN JUAN, February 19, 1901.

The first session of the Legislative Assembly of Porto Rico ended upon the last day of January in the most approved American style, with clocks turned back, rules of order suspended, the Governor in attendance busily signing belated bills, and all the excitement and bustle that characterize the closing scenes of our State Legislatures.

The Legislative Assembly, and the House of Delegates in particular, have been bitterly criticised by the opposition press in Porto Rico, and have also, it seems, been the object of some very lofty sarcasm in press dispatches to the United States. The opposition press excited itself most violently over the passage of a tax bill, and the failure to pass certain other bills suspending the foreclosure of mortgages, remitting delinquent taxes, and authorizing Government loans to the farmers and planters of the island. The press dispatches seem to have been written after an exhaustive study of the results of the first forty-eight hours' work of a body of men who had hitherto had no opportunity to learn the meaning of representative government, and who were engaged in mastering parliamentary procedure and creating *de novo* the necessary machinery of legislation. The burden of both complaints seems to have been the paucity of legislation. It is pleasant to record, however, that in journals which have grown yellow in the practice of vilification, no charge of bribery or jobbery appeared. The worst accusations were that time was wasted and an undue subserviency shown to the American Administration.

In a sense—the unimportant sense—this complaint was well founded. It is true that but few bills were passed, that valuable time was consumed in getting started, that the Republican party in the House failed to develop an acknowledged and capable leader, and that the House of Delegates, with but one American member, showed a disposition in contests to yield to the leadership of the Executive Council, in which the Americans had a majority. But it is also true that the general average of intelligence and culture in the House of Delegates was above that of our ordinary American Legislatures; that its sessions were dignified and business-like; that less time was devoted to buncombe than in Congress; that, in order to make the most of the short session of sixty days, meetings were held almost every night and Sundays, and that the result was the passage of thirty-six laws which amount to a virtual reconstruction of the legal code of the island. No leader appeared in the House, but in the Executive Council the republican party was represented by a leader who, in the opinion of his American colleagues, is not only a real statesman, but a solid patriot. And the fact that the House, of its own initiative, discontinued the military orders suspending the foreclosure of mortgages and in disputed points yielded to the Executive Council, is an encouraging indication that the masses of Porto Rico are capable of self-government. The House was peculiarly representative of the masses, not only because it was elected by the people, but because it was exclusively republican, and in so far as the masses and classes are politically differentiated in Porto Rico, the republican party undoubtedly represents the masses. It is true that the federal party endorsed free silver and Bryanism at the last election, but it is to be hoped that this was merely a freak of Latin-American politics due to the fact that the opposing party had preëmpted the name "Republican." There is no real connection between national and insular politics.

The acts of the Legislative Assembly, to return to the subject, are not without interest for students of the tentative experiment in self-government which is taking place in Porto Rico. Twenty-two Council bills and fourteen House bills became law. Among the more important are acts establishing and regulating trial by jury; requiring the registration of foreign corporations; providing for insular directors of charities and prisons; establishing a system of public schools, and providing for the education of forty Porto Ricans in the United States, twenty of whom, it is understood, will be colored and will attend the industrial schools at Hampton and Tuskegee. The acts of the Assembly constitute, on the whole, constructive legislation of fundamental importance, and, if time prove them to have been wisely framed, will form a record of which any legislative body may well be proud. "We can stand the criticism of not having passed more bills," said the President of the Executive Council in reply to a vote of thanks extended to him at the closing of the session, "but we could not stand the criticism of having passed many bad ones."

Whatever the defects of this legislation, it has been practical legislation, framed, apparently, in strict accordance with administrative experience, and devoid of utopian schemes or radical innovations. Throughout the more important bills an evident tendency towards centralization of administrative power is manifest. Thus, the whole penal system is brought under the supervision of a director of prisons, and public charities will also be controlled by a director of charities. The assessment of direct taxes is taken from the two hundred local boards appointed by the various municipal councils, and placed under the charge of a supervisor of assessment, who is appointed by the Governor, and who, in turn, appoints the district assessors. The municipalities will be required to devote at least one-tenth of the municipal revenues to public education, which will be expended by local school boards elected at the regular elections. But these boards will exercise their functions under the guidance and control of the insular Commissioner of Education. Probably the most important increase of insular, at the expense of municipal, function, was effected by the insular police bill. By this act the separate municipal constabulary is abolished in towns of less than six thousand inhabitants; in case of conflict, the insular police are given paramount authority, and the Governor is empowered to put the insular police in charge of any municipality threatened by serious disturbance. The insular police will

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be directed by an unpaid commission of three, and appointments and promotions will be by competitive examination and the merit system.

The most widely discussed measure of the session was "el Bill Hollander," as the Porto Ricans call it—an act repealing the existing land tax, a cumbersome license system, and a number of municipal *consumo* taxes or *octrois*, and substituting a property tax, an inheritance tax, and a system of excises. The significance of the bill lies in the change from a system in which foodstuffs and the class of consumers bore the main burden of taxation, to a system in which property-owners and the consumers of tobacco and alcoholics will bear the brunt of supporting the state. During the Spanish régime the principal revenue had been raised by indirect taxes—customs duties upon imports and exports, upon the loading and unloading of freight, the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers; stamp taxes upon the conveyance of property, documents, and instruments of indebtedness of all kinds, ecclesiastical bulls, a *consumo* tax upon petroleum, and a state lottery. The old system was preponderantly indirect; the new is preponderantly direct, prepared in anticipation of the abolition of the tariff between Porto Rico and the United States.

The owners of property protested vigorously. A "committee of defence" appeared and addressed a memorial to Congress that protests, among other things, against several provisions which are not contained in the revenue act. A "monster meeting" was also held, at which fiery speeches were made and a delegation appointed to visit Washington and petition Congress to annul the act. Property, it was said, cannot bear a maximum tax of 1 per cent, one-half of which need not be levied unless the municipal councils, and through them the people, decide that it is desirable. Since the meeting was held, a decided reaction in favor of the bill has set in, and it has become apparent that most of the protestants were frightened by reports about a law which they had never read.

The law was passed by the Legislative Assembly with but one dissenting voice. The opposition came principally from the owners of property, who claim that the agricultural classes have never recovered from the hurricane of August, 1899, and that, instead of being called upon to pay a tax, the farmers should be assisted by Government loans. This sentiment was endorsed by practically the entire native population, and the House of Delegates passed a bill directing the insular Government to borrow three million dollars, and loan them through the agency of several well-known banks—which were also enthusiastic supporters of the scheme—to the farmers and planters of the island. The bill passed the House without opposition. It was held up in the Finance Committee of the Executive Council until the last night, and, in retaliation, the House held up the Appropriation Bill until the fate of the Loan Bill should have been finally decided. The situation at eleven o'clock upon the night of the 31st of January smacked of the dramatic or of the melodramatic.

The bluff—for no other word so fittingly describes the situation—was finally called by the presentation of the report of the Finance Committee upon the Loan Bill. The report was unfavorable, distinctly unfavorable, and couched in the most vigorous terms of the Chairman of the Committee. The attempt to launch such a scheme at that critical juncture in the history of the island, he thought, would be fatal to the public credit. He was aware that certain agricultural interests were in a state of depression, that the people of Porto Rico were practically a unit in favor of the bill, and that the project had been defended by men as able and well-informed as Gen. Davis. But the eyes of the United States, and particularly of the financiers of the United States, were upon them. The island would be judged by the legislation of that session. Up to this point it had been practical, temperate, conservative. But the passage of a bill authorizing Government loans to private parties would destroy the good effects of the previous laws, and in the end would deter the investment of more private capital than the three million dollars which it was proposed to borrow and distribute. In conclusion, the Chairman pointed out that the bill would fail to relieve the very classes for whose assistance it had been devised, inasmuch as it contained a provision that none of the money should be loaned upon land which was already mortgaged. And, he naïvely added, at that hour it was too late to amend the bill.

The bill was lost by one vote. The result is an interesting demonstration of the value of the modified form of cabinet government now in existence in Porto Rico, since it was only by the united opposition of the administrative officers who constitute a majority of the Executive Council that the bill was defeated. It was also a personal victory for the Treasurer and Auditor of the island, who had contended not only against the sentiment of the people, but against the inclination of Porto Rican members of the Executive Council to risk the great dangers inherent in the bill, in the hope of affording some relief to the coffee-planters of the island, who are unquestionably in bad shape. The decision of the Executive Council was undoubtedly a fortunate one. The three million dollars could have effected no permanent alleviation of the distress which is said to exist; the distribution of the money would have offered a thousand avenues for fraud and speculation; the bill, as framed, would have withheld the money from the only classes that need it, while the passage of the act would probably have discouraged private investments in Porto Rico, and impaired the confidence which the people of the United States now have a right to feel in the government of the island.

The House of Delegates, it will be remembered, had held up the appropriation bill until the fate of the loan bill was known. When the defeat of the latter was finally communicated to the House of Delegates, it promptly proceeded to pass the appropriation bill. It had evidently learned two wholesome lessons of American politics: the one, to accept a defeat with good nature; the other, that, whatever else is or is not done, the appropriation bill must be passed.

T. S. A.

POPULAR UNIVERSITIES IN FRANCE.

ITHACA, February 24, 1901.

In the midst of the Faubourg St.-Antoine, that preëminently popular quarter, breeder of so many disturbances that became Revolutions, one may now see, between two shops, a large sign inscribed "Université Populaire." From the crowded and noisy street you follow up a narrow alley to ample premises that might be a club, a library, or a lecture-hall. It is furnished with books and reviews; a billiard-room lies beyond, and in rear of all is a spacious hall adorned with busts, photographs, and works of art. In this last assembles every evening an audience of two or three hundred persons to listen to a lecture. They consist of working-people of both sexes, of the lower middle class, and of students. The whole appearance is of an undertaking in its beginnings, on a slender pecuniary basis, but with plenty of good will behind it. This Popular University of the Faubourg St.-Antoine is, in fact, still in its infancy, but it is interesting and characteristic as having given the impulse to a great university-extension movement which has prevailed in France for two years, and of which the economist, Charles Gide, said, some time ago, that it was the most important event of the year 1900. In truth, Paris reckons at this moment twenty of these universities, and there are nearly twice as many in the provinces. Only a few weeks ago M. Brisson, the well-known philosopher and teacher, inaugurated that at Versailles. Experiments are multiplying in all parts of France, and everywhere they fill their founders with pride and courage.

The initiator of this great movement, the creator of this first University of the Faubourg St.-Antoine, model for all the rest, is neither a philanthropist nor an "intellectuel," as one might think. M. George Deherme is a former type-setter, a self-taught man who learned by his own experience all the obstacles to the emancipation of the proletaries in that they have not had access to the higher education so widely open to the bourgeois. Thereafter his dream was to put within reach of workingmen what he himself had had to acquire by his own initiative and labor. Several partial essays made by him had long since brought him into relations with professors and men of letters, thanks to whose coöperation he at length succeeded, two years ago, in laying the foundations of the university now established at No. 157. These premises were dedicated with much ceremony in October, 1899, in the presence of all the literary and scientific notabilities of Paris interested in the work. A philosopher of the Sorbonne delivered the inaugural address, and a famous young poet read some fine verses. The university even then reckoned 600 associate members paying two dollars a year, and 900 workingmen students paying ten cents a month for profiting by all the advantages of the institution. These had been set forth in a placarded manifesto addressed "to laborers," and which, in words of generous idealism, invited "comrades" to come to this "People's House" and employ their leisure hours for their physical, intellectual, and moral development, and to "rear over against the saloon and the music-hall" the People's University, the "seat of justice and fraternity." This manifesto affirmed, with touching candor, an unlimited ambition. "Our aim," it said, "is truth, beauty, moral living for all; that all may be admitted to a share in those blessings which are humanity's rightful patrimony; that, as the sun rises for all eyes, so the light of intellect may rise for all intelligences."

One of the most interesting aspects of this movement for popular education is the part taken in it by the members of the Paris University and by literary men.

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An occasion has been offered, perhaps without precedent, for a coming together of workingmen and intellectuals. Men hitherto solely literary dilettanti, like Anatole France, laboratory savants like Duclaux, professors of the higher education like the historian Lavisse, the philosopher Séailles, the Hellenist Croiset, the mathematician Tannery, suddenly began to visit out-of-the-way quarters of the capital to deliver lectures, simple and learned at once, in modest little halls, low-studded and smoky, to some hundreds of workingmen who had never heard their names. Professors in the lycées, Parisian and provincial, university students, physicians, engineers, have offered by hundreds to sacrifice their leisure hours for the conduct of courses in philosophy, history, literature, politics, and science with rudimentary and ignorant audiences.

I select at random a list of lectures announced for one week in December last in the different "universities" of Paris—each, by the way, having its special name, which often of itself reveals the state of mind both of those who founded and those who attend it. Thus, at the "Contrat Social du Seizième [Arrondissement]" M. Gide, the celebrated economist, spoke on Coöperation; at the "Union Populaire du Quatorzième" M. Bloch, an eminent professor of history in the École Normale Supérieure, discoursed on the Beginnings of Paris; at the "[Union] Fraternelle du Troisième" there was a forenoon lecture presided over by a professor of botany and a professor of philosophy of the Sorbonne, at which a popular poet, Maurice Bouchor, recited his own verse amid musicians with songs from Gluck, and actresses with recitations from Victor Hugo. Add lectures on Swiss Democracy, the Crusades, the Right to Strike and Syndicates, the Evolution of Astronomy, Hauptmann's "The Weavers," the Grippe; Infants' Diseases—Varioloid and Vaccination; Joseph Chamberlain, Bakunin, French Literature in the seventeenth century, the Apostles, the Philosophy of Socialism, the Emancipation of Women, Alcohol and the Laboring Classes, Pasteur's Work, the Idea of God and the French Revolution, Trades-Unions, "How Should We Be Fed?" Paris Architecture—the Sainte-Chapelle, Notre Dame. As will be seen, the programme includes everything, from hygiene to æsthetics, and each science is treated by a specialist. Politics and political economy naturally play a leading part.

Some of these university groups quickly became militant Socialist clubs, owing to the fact that the better elements of the working class and many of the young professors are Socialists; and anyhow the spirit which animates all is distinctly democratic and anti-religious. A Catholic priest who sought to defend his religion was hissed. One of my friends, a lively agnostic, endeavoring to explain historically the origin of Christianity, was accused by his simple-minded hearers of religious propaganda. It is difficult to accustom these inexperienced men to study and grasp a subject from an objective point of view; but they more and more tend that way. The greatest diversity reigns in these groups, which have each their autonomy and a character of their own. Only one is a veritable Settlement in the English-American sense, viz., the Belleville University Foundation, established and occupied by students. At the head of it is M. Bardoux, son of the former Minister of Public Instruction, and author of a recent very remarkable dissertation on Ruskin. It was started in November, 1899, by young men of tact and experience, and is in every respect a genuine success. In a year's time it has brought together 200 workingmen among the élite of the Quarter, a hundred students, and professors from all the faculties. It has associate members who lend it pecuniary aid. It has a library of 3,000 volumes; complete courses in philosophy, science, political economy; dramatic representations; excursions to the museums; infant classes.

In fact, the workingmen who attend these universities are the best elements of the proletariate, and have been recruited from the various social workingmen's organizations already in existence. Very curious types are often met with among them. Thus, to the Belleville Foundation belongs an omnibus conductor who has presented the library with a Plato annotated wholly by his own hand, and a cook who applied himself to learning Latin for the better handling of French. A friend of mine who has for a year lived in this university, gives me some information as to the intellectual status of the students, from which I extract a few lines:

"The instruction possessed by these men is very variable, full of immense gaps; clear ideas and absurdities jostle each other. They have often read a great deal, but their notions are indescribably muddled. Philosophy has had the most rapid success. . . . In general, they understand what is taught them, provided technical phraseology is avoided and the subject does not run counter to one of their hobbies—determinism, the influence of environment, utilitarianism, anarchist and socialist theories."

From this education, now only in its beginnings, useful results little by little stand out. Among men hitherto subjected to the tyranny of leaders and parties, there is developed in some measure the critical spirit which will teach them to free themselves from the exclusive influences they were under; the historical sense, too, which will teach them to view questions in different aspects, thus widening their horizon and enabling them to understand (and consequently even to respect) men and ideas antipathetic to them. In this way head is made against the petty jealousies and baneful distrust which are the scourge of the laboring world, and rear so many barriers not only between the members of their class, but between them and the "bourgeois" they have been taught to detest. Hence not only are better workingmen prepared, more emancipated in spirit, more intelligent, but also better bourgeois, more fitted to discharge their duties and to accept responsibilities towards their less fortunate and educated fellow-citizens. And when, in the century now dawning, the time comes to regulate the great social question whose solution seems more imminent than ever, the strife will, we may hope, not take on the barbarous and savage character so insistently predicted, but will be conducted on a common ground of reason and fraternity between men who have learned to know each other and recognize that they have common interests and ideals to safeguard and defend. OTHON GUERLAC.

THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE.—I.

PARIS, February 15, 1901.

M. Albert Vandal, well known by his interesting work on the relations of Napoleon I. and the Emperor Alexander of Russia, has applied himself lately to the complete elucidation of an event which goes in history under the name of the 18th Brumaire, and which had a decisive importance in the affairs of France, as it was the beginning of Napoleon's dictatorship. The Government of the Directory had lost all its prestige and its force. "A great part of the nation," says M. Vandal, "threw itself into pure reaction and turned towards royalism; the rest of France, living in a mortal languor, despised its Government and made a sort of vacuum about it." An immense discredit attached to the governing class—that is to say, to the majority of the former members of the Convention and to their friends, to the men who, after Thermidor, struck alternatively Jacobinism, the reactionaries, the moderates, and who kept themselves in power by periodical *coups d'état*. On the evening of October 13, 1799, Sieyès, a member of the Directory, was waiting in his apartment in the Luxembourg for Gen. Moreau, who had just returned from the army of Italy. The meeting had for its object the defence of the Revolution and of the leading revolutionists by a *coup d'état* and a reorganization of the Government. Moreau had hardly arrived when Sieyès received, by a courier, the news of a most unexpected event. Bonaparte, who was thought to be shut up in Egypt, had just disembarked at Fréjus, with five generals, a few Mamelukes, and two scientific men. Sieyès communicated this news to a Deputy named Baudin, who, almost beside himself, declared that Bonaparte's return was a sure sign that he was to be the expected saviour. Moreau said to Sieyès: "Here you have the man you want; he will do the thing better than I." Baudin died the next morning, from excitement, and, people said, from joy. Bonaparte received the most enthusiastic reception in all the villages and cities he went through. At Lyons Bonaparte saw Marbot (so famous now since the publication of his memoirs), and told him plainly that he meant to put an end to the Directory.

On the 16th of October, three days after the announcement of his landing, early in the morning, Bonaparte entered Paris and went to his house, in the Rue Chantereine, which in his honor had received two years before the name of Rue de la Victoire (which it still preserves). He did not find Josephine there, as she had left Paris and gone to Lyons in order to meet him. They had not encountered each other on the way, as Bonaparte had followed, instead of the road from Lyons to Macon, that through the Bourbonnais. After some hours of repose, Bonaparte made his official visit to the Directors. The situation was awkward. The Directory had sent orders to Bonaparte to come back from Egypt with his army; he was coming back alone, and his return had the appearance of an evasion.

"By having him arrested and tried," says M. Vandal, "the Government would not have exceeded its right. Some Republicans who already felt the usurper in Bonaparte, jealous colleagues, personal enemies, recommended this measure; but who would have dared to undertake it? In the eyes of the public this legal measure would have seemed like a sacrilege. . . . The Directory resolved with a good grace to register the national absolution."

Bonaparte was solemnly received by the Directors; he wore a singular costume, half military and half civil, a redingote with a

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Turkish scimitar. He told the Directors that he would never draw his sword except in defence of the Republic and its Government. The crowd round the Luxembourg was immense; soldiers who recognized their chief shed tears.

I shall not dwell on the scenes between Bonaparte and Josephine which followed on her return to Paris. He had received proof, while he was in Egypt, of her infidelity; he came back almost resolved to divorce her. "But," says M. Vandal, "he had reflected and calculated; he feared a public scandal on the eve of the day when he was to mount the political stage as the leading actor. Besides, Josephine would be useful to him; by her birth and her relations she was in touch with regions to which he had no access."

Napoleon gave himself wholly to the preparation of the political changes which he had decided to make. Offers came to him from all sides; civilians, soldiers, Deputies, functionaries, journalists, army contractors, financiers, all looked upon him as the arbiter of the situation. Talleyrand, Rœderer, Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angély, Marat, Admiral Bruix, Boulay de la Meurthe, Réal, offered their services; Fouché came in his turn; three of the Directors, Barras, Gohier, Gen. Moulins, became assiduous. All the officers in Paris left their cards at the little house in the Rue de la Victoire. Bonaparte felt the pulse, if I may say so, of all parties, of all political groups. He first thought of introducing himself into the Directory, and of becoming a member of it. This project was abandoned, and he resolved to introduce himself into the Government by an act of authority; he wished, however, to reduce forcible action to a minimum, and to proceed legally, if possible. His brother Lucien had been elected, in the first days of Brumaire, President of the Cinq-Cents, the Lower Chamber. His election was a triumph for the Moderate party of the House and for Sieyès; it was a defeat for Barras. A curious incident completely separated Bonaparte from the latter. They were dining together at the Luxembourg:

"After dinner, the conversation," says M. Vandal, "turned on politics, on the future. Barras tried to tempt Bonaparte with the prospect of new victories, of an inexhaustible crop of laurels; as for himself, he played the part of a disgusted and disinterested man, the comedy of abnegation. When they came to the question of the future Presidency of the Republic, as he wished to put Bonaparte aside, and to have himself designated, though he dared not propose himself, he resorted to a miserable subterfuge and pronounced an inadmissible name, that of Gen. d'Hédouville. Bonaparte remained silent, but he looked at Barras with so much contempt that the latter lost his countenance and muttered unintelligible explanations. The General left the place after a moment and went to see his friends, to whom he reported without any commentary Barras's proposition. They were confounded by the stupidity of this coarse *finassier*. 'What an imbecile! What an imbecile!' said Réal."

Barras was judged; he was, in Bonaparte's mind, left out of the new combinations. Bonaparte turned towards Sieyès. But Barras was still a Director, he was the man of Thermidor, of Vendémiaire, of Fructidor; he must be managed, and kept in the dark to the end. On the night of the 10th, Bonaparte and Sieyès met secretly, had a long conversation, and struck up an alliance. Sieyès promised a majority of the *Anciens* (such was the name given to the upper House, a fraction of the Cinq-Cents); he presented also a plan which consisted in employing the existing authorities and in changing the Constitution by constitutional means. The Anciens had, by virtue of these articles of the organic law, the right to transfer the residence of the legislative body out of Paris to a calmer atmosphere. By these means the chambers would avoid the interference of the populace, which for many years had dictated its will to them. Bonaparte accepted this plan, and it was agreed that the Anciens should order the transfer of the chambers to Saint-Cloud; that, in order to insure the execution of this measure, the supreme command of all the troops in Paris should be immediately given to Bonaparte. What was to become of the Directory in the impending movement? Two of the Directors, Sieyès and Roger Ducos, agreed to resign; Barras would have to resign also. "He must make his embezzlements forgotten by resigning," said Bonaparte. The two other Directors were nonentities, who would find themselves in a minority. The two chambers, once at Saint-Cloud, surrounded by troops, were expected to vote the change of régime. "If the Cinq-Cents," said Bonaparte, "are not subjugated by the ascendancy of an event the force of which lies in public opinion, we will make them feel their weakness." It was Bonaparte's hope and desire that this ascendancy of public opinion would make the use of force unnecessary; but in this he was mistaken.

The new Government was to be composed of three Consuls; a small Parliament would make a new Constitution, and submit it to a plébiscite. Two of the Consuls were to be Bonaparte and Sieyès; Roger Ducos, a friend of Sieyès, was to be the third. All the parts of the political drama in preparation were distributed. The Jacobins were very uneasy, but they did not come to any understanding. Paris was quiet; it was tired of revolutions, and took little interest in the quarrels of the politicians. The Directors not immediately in the plot were aware that changes were impending. Barras would fain ignore everything. Josephine took care of Gohier and of Madame Gohier. "I don't know," said Napoleon, at Saint Helena, in speaking of Gohier, "if he was my partisan; he paid court to my wife." On the 17th Brumaire, Bonaparte, who had already composed his staff, and who, during the preceding days, had seen nearly all the officers who were in Paris, dined with Cambacérès, who was Minister of Justice. The legend will have it that he met there Treilhard, Merlin, Target, and other famous lawyers; that they discussed the future Code Civil and the great principles which were to be the foundation of this compendium of the new laws of France; and that Bonaparte astonished everybody by his extraordinary calm and by his profound remarks. The truth is, that Cambacérès did not have at his table the framers of the Code Civil, only a few generals and administrators who were in the secret of what was coming; that they were all preoccupied, and the dinner was without gayety. They all felt that their heads were at stake.

At two o'clock in the night Bonaparte sent word to Gen. Moreau and to Macdonald to be at his door on horseback at dawn. Josephine had sent an invitation to Gohier, asking him to breakfast on the 18th. "In a conspiracy," said Napoleon at Saint Helena, "everything is allowable."

Correspondence.

ENGLISH PESSIMISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the article on King Edward VII., in the *Nation* of January 31, to the tone and spirit of which no objection can be taken, you make a remark which may mislead your readers, both as to the feeling of the British nation towards the close of the nineteenth century, and on a point of literary chronology. You say:

"That date, 1887, may hereafter come to be regarded as England's grand climacteric. Since then have come the murmurs about the weary Titan," etc.

A reader unacquainted with the facts could hardly help concluding from this that Matthew Arnold's celebrated passage on the Titan was written after 1887. You certainly cannot have intended to convey this impression, knowing as you do that Arnold died early in 1888. But perhaps you may not consider it superfluous to state that this passage, insofar as it reflects any popular sentiment, reflects the sentiment of twenty years earlier, the poem in which it occurs, "Heine's Grave," having been published in 1867.

It is perfectly true that about 1867 an unreasonable pessimism did exist among the more cultivated classes in Great Britain, though I do not think that it extended beyond them. I have always attributed this circumstance to the fact that at this period these classes looked, one can hardly say for "light," but certainly for "leading," to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that from 1865 to 1869 inclusive, fully half the leading articles in the paper were written by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Fitzjames Stephen. Mr. Stephen was a very powerful and a very pessimistic writer, and verified the saying about Robespierre that he would go far because he believed every word he said. He made persons of Mr. Arnold's calibre very uncomfortable, while the humbler members of society pursued the even tenor of their way, more intent upon the next cricket match than on "what the Swede intends, and what the French." They are, as it appears to me, in much the same frame of mind at present, while the more intellectual classes, if not unaware of the trials and dangers of their country, are now, in the absence of Mr. Stephen, happier than of old. The *Times* is doing wonders to reassure them by publishing day by day the news of a century ago, from which we learn that in January, 1801, upon a rumor of peace, consols actually went up to no less than 56. After this we may well say, "O passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem."

Yours very truly, R. Garnett.

Hampstead, England, February 16, 1901.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT, BUT——

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If one can overcome one's depression over the national dishonor involved in our prospective treatment of Cuba, there will be seen something decidedly comic in the contrast between our former heaven-high protestations of disinterestedness and the Senate's peremptory demands. The present situation suggests nothing so much as one of the most delicious passages in Ros-

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tand's recent masterpiece. The dialogue between Cuba and her benevolent guardian may be conceived to run as follows:

Dietrichstein McKinley.
Of course you're *not dependent*, but—

Cuban Eaglet.
I like that "but"; I hope you feel its value!
I'm surely not a colony, "but"—that's all!
"But"—not dependent, "but"—that is the word,
The formula! A colony? Oh, not a moment!
"But" I must yield my treaty-making rights.
I subjugated? No! You know I'm not.
"But" if I venture to contract a debt
It needs the sanction of my Uncle Sam.
Of course, I'm free, "but" still I must assent
When kindly Uncle intervenes to save
From European greed. He's truly not
My sovereign, "but" his growing appetite
For coaling-stations claims profound respect.
I'm not the least bit in the world "controlled,"
"But" I must swear by treaty I'll be good.
Dependency? Oh, no! "but" I must scrub
For fear my Uncle's health might be impaired.
A colony—I, Cuba Libre? No!
Dependency? I'm *in*dependent, "but"—!

S. R. T.

Lake Forest, Ill., February 28, 1901.

THE STUDY OF ITALIAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The address delivered by Prof. Thomas R. Price, as President of the Modern Language Association of America, at the recent convention in Philadelphia, and now printed in the Publications of the Association, contains a passage to which I should like to call attention. The subject of the address, "The New Function of Modern Language Teaching," has often been discussed. Professor Price's main point is that, whether or not our schemes of education omit Greek, the study of modern literature must be made to give the same training in the appreciation of literary form that all educated men formerly received from Greek. After admitting that for practical purposes French and German come next to the mother tongue in order of usefulness, he says:

"For me, the worst blemish in our modern practice of education is, under the pressure of other studies, that neglect of the Italian as an element of culture which has, within the last fifty years, as well in England as in America, made itself felt. And, if the study of modern languages is ever to be made to yield its full harvest, we should unite in restoring the Italian to its rightful place in the development of the sense of form. . . . There is not, as I believe, in all the range of modern-language instruction, any other modern literature that can do for the student's sense of beauty just that which the Italian has never failed to do."

Professor Price goes on to show the value of French, German, and Scandinavian as culture studies; his emphasis on the importance of Italian, however, seems to me particularly timely. Spanish he does not mention at all. Now, while no one would in the least wish to deny the glories of Spanish literature, past and present, may it not be wise to dwell on this note of warning at a time when, in most of our American colleges and universities, immensely more attention is being given to Spanish than ever before? It is most earnestly to be hoped that no commercial or political interest will be allowed to usurp for any other language the position in culture-study that belongs to Italian. Kenneth McKenzie.

Yale University, March 2, 1901.

SUBSCRIPTION METHODS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me Mr. Morgan's reply to my question as to the Garnett Anthology reads very much like a bit of special pleading, although very courteously done. This whole subscription matter, however, has become a very serious thing to librarians, and I think we have a right to know just what we are subscribing for. I hope the A. L. A. will see its way ere long to appointing a competent committee before which such matters may be laid for an expert, unbiassed opinion.

When it comes to the Pepys matter, I must say that it is no case for Spenlow & Jorkins. The agent I mentioned claimed no more for the edition than does the firm, for I have before me a circular of the firm, from which I take the following: "New Importation," "Imported by ..... Boston and New York." "The small limited edition of this valuable work, which has been printed complete without abridgment," "and one volume known as 'Pepysiana,' specially prepared for this edition." And again (this time printed in green ink), "The present edition (printed in England, only for private subscription)." "The few copies of this private edition which we have secured are not available through any publishing house or selling agents. . . ."

Now, inasmuch as these volumes were printed from the Macmillan Company's plates, at the Norwood Press, and the English edition was printed by Bell & Sons, London, and sold in the regular channels of trade at half a guinea a volume, I do not see how the firm can escape on the ground of "the soaring imagination of agents." The intent seems to be clear, to mislead the purchaser. I hold that publishers can very easily remove such apprehension by making plain, unvarnished statements of fact.

It may be quixotic to cavil at these things, but I hope it may never—even in the channels of trade—be considered quixotic to have "clean hands and a pure heart." We certainly have a right to expect better things from publishers.

Most truly yours,
Louis N. Wilson.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., March 4, 1901.

"GROUCHY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can any of your readers give the origin of the word "grouchy," which is much used nowadays, though it appears in neither of the greater dictionaries? It is no doubt a slangy corruption of "grouty," as "stunt" is of "stint" (for which "stent" used often to be heard in New England). "Grouchy old man" seemed to a class in Latin a very effective rendering of "morosus senex."—Yours very truly, W. R. B.

Lake Forest, Illinois, February 18, 1901.

Notes.

Among works of fiction announced for the spring by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are 'The Love-Letters of the King,' by Richard Le Gallienne; 'Sir Christopher,' by Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin; and 'Ballantyne,' by Mrs. Helen Campbell.

'Birth a New Chance,' by Columbus Bradford, is in the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Booker Washington's autobiography, 'Up from Slavery,' is shortly to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., along with 'A Journey to Nature,' consisting of the agreeable articles by J. P. Mowbray which have appeared in the *Evening Post*. A "Personal Edition" of George Eliot's works is also to be launched this month under the editorial care of Mrs. Esther Wood. Many new portraits and photographs of scenes will give distinction to this reprint.

'Colonization,' by Poultney Bigelow; 'The Life of Stanton,' by Frank A. Flower; and 'Lovers of the Woods,' by W. A. Boardman, are announced by McClure, Phillips & Co.

A glorified limited edition of FitzGerald's Omar, illustrated with drawings by Gilbert Jones, with sundry illustrations in gold and colors in Persian fashion, is promised by the New Amsterdam Book Company. There will be, in the same issue, three series differing from one another in gorgeousness.

Henry Holt & Co. have nearly ready 'The Anatomy of the Cat,' by Professors Reighard and Jennings of the University of Michigan.

The first volume, A to I, of Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's 'Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology' is among the spring outputs of Macmillan Company. Its companion volume will complete the text, while volume iii. will be given up to the bibliographies. The work has been safeguarded by a board of consulting editors, so called, who form committees in English, French, German, and Italian, and by departmental control by writers of the highest authority. The scope of the dictionary is wider than is customary in works of this character; conceptions and not merely terms are included, and the history of thought rather than of language is emphasized. Quotations are rare. Biographies of philosophers are very brief. The terminology will be exhibited in the four languages named above.

Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, who died on January 17 at Rome, where he had gone, according to *Science*, upon the invitation of Prof. William James, was an admirable poet and man of letters, but he had devoted his chief energies of late years to the cause of psychical research, and he was the Honorary Secretary of the society established in 1882 for the carrying out of that work. He was, in conjunction with Mr. Podmore, author of 'Phantasms of the Living,' and he is said to have left nearly ready for publication a work on 'Human Faculty.'

'Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology,' by Jacques Loeb, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the University of Chicago (Putnams), the eighth volume of the Science Series edited by Cattell, possesses remarkable interest. It is a record of a coördinated series of experiments on the various orders of animals, from jelly-fishes upward, made partly by the author and partly by others, whom he cites; and to those who have not followed the accounts of the researches as they were published, the pages will seem well filled with novel observations of fundamental significance. It is made clear, in the first place, that the position of the nervous system in relation to the various functions of the body has been to a great extent misunderstood. The part which it plays in the lower orders of animals differs only in degree from that of the tissues to which it is anatomically related. These creatures live and perform even seemingly complex acts, Dr. Loeb thinks, under the control of influences with

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which the nervous system has no *necessary* connection, except that of expediting the processes at stake. Such influences are: the need of moving toward the earth or moving away from the earth, of bringing both sides of the body in contact with solid objects, of seeking or avoiding the light, of responding to chemical attractions and repulsions, etc. In many of these reactions animal and vegetable organisms are closely related. Consciousness comes in with "associative memory," and the writer denies the logical necessity of assuming that consciousness is a necessary part of protoplasmic life. This associative memory gives its possessor, of course, a vastly increased chance of success, but it does not justify the ranking of him in all respects in a different category from animals of simpler structure or even from the vegetable world. To attempt any critical analysis of the views advanced by Dr. Loeb would require far greater space than can be allotted to this review.

With a very proper deliberation, the Watertown (Mass.) Historical Society has prepared, at the public charge, the second volume of transcripts of the town's early records, "comprising the third book of town proceedings and the second book of births, marriages, and deaths to the end of 1737; also, plan and register of burials in Arlington Street burying-ground." Six years have elapsed since the first volume was noticed in these columns. There is little in the proceedings that distinguishes them from the foregoing or calls for comment. The life of a Puritan community is still reflected in entries wonderfully misspelt, like this ("town meting the furst of march 1686-7"): "The towne decleared by aucate that thay disaproued of ye Custum of parsons [!] Seting vp of notes vppon the meting house dore about Cattell & such like things Standing thear vppon the Saboth day." Besides the editorial committee's care in copying *litteratim*, to be commended is the insertion of numerous facsimile plates showing the handwriting of the clerks (including Benjamin Garfield) and others. There are several indexes of names and matters. Other volumes are in preparation. "Six of the original grave-stones" in the Watertown Cemetery, we are told, are older than any in the old cemetery at Plymouth.

The 'Cairns of British Columbia and Washington' are described by Harlan I. Smith and Gerard Fowke in a contribution from the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, published in the latest number of the Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History. These cairns are found in the southeastern part of Vancouver Island and on the San Juan group and Whidbey Island, and are of considerable age, although the Indians have no traditions as to their origin. They are from three to twenty feet in diameter, and usually consist of small boulders placed together so as to form an oblong enclosure covered by one or more slabs of rock, above which a rough pile of stones is reared. They are always, so far as known, near shell-heaps, which, however, are so numerous along the coast that their proximity does not necessarily imply an historic relation between the two kinds of structures. The evidence secured in this region tends to show that, at one time, the cairns were the burial-places of the makers of the shell-heaps, although these people did not invariably thus dispose of their dead. The position of the skeletons shows that the bodies were placed on one side with the limbs flexed. The skulls prove the use of the same methods of deforming the head that were practised in this locality until recent times. A specimen from Coupeville exhibits the characteristic deformity of the Chinook heads in which forehead and occiput are so much flattened that they are nearly parallel. A few skulls found near Victoria and at North Saanich show a narrowing and lengthening produced by antero-posterior and lateral pressure, a mode of deformation similar to that practised by the Kwakiutl. The scarcity in the cairns of objects other than human bones is remarkable, and only a few copper ornaments have been found buried with the skeletons. Some excellent illustrations accompany this paper.

The University Extension movement has at last reached Belgium, and, after some experiment, has been found so successful in Brussels that it will soon be extended to the smaller towns, beginning with Ghent and Liège. Thirty or forty courses have already been given, and include a wide range of subjects, in science, art, literature, and philosophy. Syllabuses of the courses are published at 75 centimes apiece (Brussels: Lamertin), and most of those which have reached us appear to be models of compression and method. The cognate courses on the "Principles of Colonization," by MM. Cattier and Plas, will be found especially interesting at the present time, but perhaps the most remarkable of the lectures are those devoted to English literature. These are in charge of a small group of scholars whose contributions to literary history are already well known here, including Dr. Hamelius, whose 'Kritik in der Englischen Literatur des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts' was reviewed at length in these columns on its appearance several years ago, M. de Reul, author of a sympathetic study of Ruskin (Brussels: Lamertin), M. Vermeylen, and others. Their lectures include such subjects as 'Le Théâtre de Shakespeare,' 'La Vie du Langage,' 'Les Poètes Anglais du XIXe Siècle,' and 'Le Théâtre dans l'Église.'

Among the numerous meetings held in France to protest against the Associations Bill was one of the Société d'Économie Sociale, which is reported in its organ, *La Réforme Sociale*, for February. The principal speaker was the Superior-General of the Pères du Saint-Esprit, Mgr. Le Roy, who showed in a graphic manner the civilizing work of Christian missions in Africa. By means of numerous contrasting lantern-slides he demonstrated how the slave-raider and cannibal was changed, under the influence of the missionary, into the industrious cultivator of the soil; how well-built villages with school and church were supplanting grass kraals; how the sick and famishing were cared for, and the children taught simple industries as well as the rudiments of learning and religion. Several of the pictures are reproduced in the magazine, including one of a chief and another of the heads of 300 slaves devoured at a feast given by him. The closing address was by the President, Vicomte de Vogüé, of the French Academy, who made an eloquent defence of missions, taking the patriotic point of view that they tended to increase French influence wherever they were established. In support of this he quoted the testimony of some distinguished colonial rulers, and the statement of the Grand Vizier, Fuad Pasha, that he feared an army of 40,000 Frenchmen less than he did the sixty missionaries who were in Syria.

That the traditional view held even by scholars, to say nothing of the opinions of ordinary people, concerning Altaic psychology, must be radically changed, seems fairly certain. Those critically familiar with the history of the Japanese, especially of the last few decades, have long felt this. Dr. David C. Greene of Tokio, for more than thirty years a dweller among the Japanese, and especially acute in studying their intellectual movements and in interpreting sects and parties, has reprinted, in a pamphlet of thirty-nine pages, his address on "Conditions" recently published in the *Japan Mail*. Showing the strain to which the Government has, from 1868, been subjected from the reactionists, on the one hand, and the ultra-radicals on the other, he proves, also, the close intellectual relation of Japan to the West. Internal politics, legal reform, international relations, the growth of the nation, the national wealth, education, the press, benevolence, ethics, and the religious situation come under notice and analysis; the whole making a very luminous review of the past three decades. It is demonstrated that to the movements of thought which agitate the civilized world, Japan has responded promptly and strongly. With modifications from local influences, the varied phenomena of the nation's life are in response to movements in the world at large. Even the intense nationalism and anti-foreign reactions are but wavelets in this universal wave. "Japan is a true sister nation." Dr. Greene's verdict is all the more significant since, as an American citizen, he was among the first, more than fifteen years ago, to urge the abolition of extra-territoriality and the recognition of the sovereignty of Japan.

The utilization of the Zambesi as a waterway for the development of central Africa was the subject of a paper lately read before the Royal Colonial Institute by Major Gibbons. The results of his expedition may be summed up in the statement that "this river's navigable reaches stretch three-fourths of the way across the continent, and the sum of such navigable reaches as exceeded 100 miles amounted to nearly 4,000 miles." In consequence of his success in taking a steam-launch from the first rapids to the Victoria Falls, several trading companies are contemplating the introduction of steamers to develop trade and the resources of the country, which include at least two coal-fields.

It is evident, from an article on "The Religion of Nietzsche," by M. Fouillé, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for February 1, that the question as to the originality of Nietzsche's ideas cannot be settled till a more exhaustive investigation is made of his indebtedness to French thinkers than the commentators have hitherto undertaken. Renan's influence was shown a number of years ago by Georg Brandes, in 'Menschen und Werke,' but Guyau, for instance (the author of 'L'Esquisse d'une Morale sans obligation,' of 'La Généalogie de la Morale,' and of 'L'Irréligion de l'avenir'), with whom Nietzsche has much in common, has received little attention in this connection. M. Fouillé states that the German thinker had read Guyau, and he speaks of a copy of 'L'Esquisse' with marginal notes by Nietzsche.

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—"In view of recent events in the West," writes a correspondent, "the following passage makes timely and piquant reading:

" 'The college founded by rich men, and obliged to depend on the gifts of rich men for its continuance, is sometimes, though not always, forced into degrading positions on account of favors received or favors expected. The officers of more than one of our colleges dare scarcely claim their souls as their own for fear of offending some wealthy patron. There is a college in New England, of old and honored name, in which to-day the faculty go about with bated breath for fear of offending two wealthy spinsters in the town, whose money the college hopes to receive.'

The extract is from an address given on Charter Day of the University of California, at Berkeley, in March, 1893, by David Starr Jordan, and published in a book entitled 'The Care and Culture of Men,' with a dedication to Jane Lathrop Stanford."

—Virginia has two historical quarterlies and South Carolina one, and the January issues contain good material. In the *William and Mary College Quarterly* some account is given of Goronwy Owen, master of the grammar school in that college before 1760, and a poet of some merit. In company with the professor of moral philosophy, he led the students into a row with the young men of the town, and was soon after nominated to be minister of St. Andrew's Parish in Brunswick. Here he drew his salary, preached, and, getting drunk, swore profanely. It is a curious picture even of a colonial clergyman. His will is included among the original matter here printed. A negro woman was (only) hanged for arson in 1704, in York County. A curious and not very intelligent note on slavery agitation (p. 195) must be read to be appreciated at its worth. The *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* gives the will of the mother of Mary (Ball) Washington, thus adding one more to the long series of Washington wills. A number of letters of the Gray family give a picture of Boston and London in 1775-'76 from the loyalist point of view. The English are represented as "never more united," and one of the reasons was that "every principal manufacturing town in the kingdom have as much Business as they possibly can attend to, so that the americans can have nothing to hope for from that quarter." The *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine* continues its records of the Committee of Safety (1775), and of the mission of John Laurens to France. Mention should also be made of E. C. Barker's interesting article in the January *Quarterly* of the Texas State Historical Association on the "Difficulties of a Mexican Revenue Officer" in 1835.

—No sooner have we said good-bye to the 'Jesuit Relations' than there appears another reprint which may be easily connected with them. We refer to Shea's edition of Charlevoix (Francis P. Harper), which is being published in six large and handsome volumes. The number of sets is limited to 750, thus corresponding exactly to the issue of the 'Jesuit Relations,' and the publisher's announcement shows that he has kept Mr. Thwaites's series well in view. "While Charlevoix in itself is an independent and complete historical work, still to subscribers to the excellent reprint of the 'Jesuit Relations' it will especially appeal, as it further completes that valuable series." Concerning Charlevoix himself we shall only say that every one who wishes to feel familiar with the rise of New France must know his 'History and General Description.' It is a work which has its clearly marked limitations, but they have been pointed out by more than one critic, including Parkman, and they do not impair the general serviceableness of the narrative. Moreover, the notes to this edition go far towards helping the reader to follow Charlevoix's use of his sources. The present reprint is an identical copy of the translation which the late Dr. Shea prepared some thirty years ago. Mr. Harper's prospectus says: "A fire destroyed a large portion of certain of the volumes, and not more than 150 complete sets were ever sold." Shea's immense learning in matters relating to the progress of the Roman Church on this continent and to the Indian tribes is justly celebrated, and no one could have been better qualified by attainments and sympathies to annotate Charlevoix. The chief feature of this reprint (we have only the first volume before us) is a short memoir of Shea, by Mr. N. F. Morrison, to which a bibliography of his publications is added. This forms a useful summary of a studious life, but we can hardly accept the statement that Shea was made "an honorary member of nearly every historical society in this country and Europe." While true enough of America, it is far from being true of Europe. As an illustration of the merit which Shea's notes on Charlevoix possess, we may take one striking passage (p. 206). Apropos of Menendez and Ribaut, Charlevoix says: "The French historians all agree in stating that all these were hung to a tree, on which was a label inscribed: 'These are not treated thus as Frenchmen, but as heretics and enemies of God.' " Shea's comment is: "This is not stated by Laudonnière, nor by Challeux, nor by Chauveton in his Latin version of Challeux, nor in the letter addressed to King Charles. The story was apparently put forward for the first time in the account of De Gourgues's expedition. It can hardly be said, therefore, that the French all agree."

—We have been tardy in taking up the one-volume popular 'History of Westchester County, N. Y.' (New York History Co., No. 114 Fifth Avenue), of which the authorship is so pleasantly divided in the preface. Mr. Frederick Shonnard modestly takes credit only for the collection and systematizing of materials, with supervision of his colleague's literary presentation. Mr. W. W. Spooner is wholly responsible for the text as literature and is entitled to high praise. He shows grasp of his matter with unusual powers of orderly arrangement and consecutive narration for a work of this kind, and his chapters are at all points readable and interesting. The numerous illustrations are, with rare concession to imaginative delineation, of genuine historical value. Dutch and English began settlements almost simultaneously in the county, in 1639 and 1640, but, while the patroonship of Adrian Van der Donck (whence Yonkers gets its designation) plays a large part in the landed history of the territory, the human drama is preponderatingly English and non-Dutch. Anne Hutchinson's tragically short-lived colony at Pelham in 1642 was remembered in the name of Hutchinson's River and for some time in "Ann Hoeck's Neck"; and it is singular that John Throckmorton, who simultaneously settled Throg's Neck, was a Baptist convert, who had removed for peace and comfort from Salem, Mass., to Rhode Island, and became intimate with Roger Williams, that Thomas Cornell (settler of Cornell's Neck as well as ancestor of the founder of Ithaca's university) came from Boston by way of Rhode Island, while Capt. John Underhill, of ruthless Pequod memory, who wrought a second Indian slaughter with fire and sword at Bedford, had been banished from Boston as one of Mrs. Hutchinson's sympathizers. Not less curious is the exchange by which Boston got its "Cradle of Liberty" from Peter Faneuil, born at New Rochelle of the Huguenot refugees expatriated by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It was in the same place that Thomas Paine ended his days, and has his monument, though his bones are elsewhere. The Jays, the Morrises, Aaron Burr commendably, are among the great local figures of the Revolution, and to Westchester belongs the romance of André's capture. Irving was the chief resident man of letters, while Cooper and Poe were transient sojourners. One-sixth of this history, or the last hundred pages, properly suffices for the period since the Revolution.

—Vere Foster, who died in Belfast, Ireland, in December, at the ripe age of eighty-one, was a remarkable man, a true lover of Ireland. He was content to devote his life and his means towards her good in directions never likely to win popular applause or bring him renown. He outlived his generation. Latterly, to many he was but the shadow of a name. His great-grandfather was Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. His grandmother by a second marriage became Duchess of Devonshire. Her sister also married a duke. He was born at Copenhagen, where his father, Sir Augustus Foster, was British Minister. He was educated at Oxford and trained in the diplomatic service, partly under his relative Lord Palmerston. During the famine of 1846-7 his attention was attracted to the miserable condition in which a large proportion of the Irish people were plunged. Thenceforward he generally lived on but £100 per annum, devoting the rest of his fortune to their good. His efforts were first in the direction of emigration, and personally settling individuals and families in the United States and Canada. To understand the conditions under which emigration was being carried on, he shipped, disguised, as a steerage passenger. Dysentery laid him low, interference to prevent an outrage on the part of one of the sailors led to his being brutally assaulted, and for some weeks after landing in New York he lay blind and helpless in hospital. The journal of his voyage, published as a Blue Book, attracted much attention, and was largely instrumental in the subsequent passage of the emigration acts. His energies in later life were devoted to the improvement of Irish school accommodation and the perfecting of better systems of teaching writing. The preparation of his charming volume of family reminiscences, 'The Two Duchesses,' gave great interest to his last years.

RECENT POETRY.

The critic of recent poetry has always that feeling of interest which comes from dabbling in a science where prediction is impossible, and where his most innocent characterization may be cited years hence as an example, not of the foresight of critics, but of

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their folly. When we read, for instance, Addison's 'Rhymed Account of the Greater English Poets,' an account from which the names of Shakspere, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Marlowe are omitted, and then find him in the *Spectator* praising Sir Richard Blackmore's "Creation" as "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse"; or when we find Tennyson originally described as "Miss Alfred" by Lord Lytton and by *Blackwood's Magazine* as "the Monarch of Little Britain," we feel that the chief value of a critic's work may be in inverse ratio to its truth. His praises may be valueless, but his condemnations may be encouraging and valuable through all coming time.

This is especially appropriate at a period when the more recent growth of poetry, both English and American, exhibits, as a spring landscape should, a charm of immaturity rather than that of ripeness: New poets are appearing, of promise still indefinite, while the older ones offer little of aftermath. This is noticeable, for instance, in 'Last Songs from Vagabondia,' by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey (Small, Maynard & Co.), a little book which closes the rather prolonged period of juvenility in its authors, yet offers nothing nearly so fine and strong as "Gamelbar" or so graceful as "Round the World with Marna" in previous volumes. The mixed origin of its contents is for the first time definitely exhibited by the initials of the two authors, and while the book cannot be ranked with its predecessors in respect to general ability, it yet contributes the less striking grace of songs like the following (p. 3):

MAY AND JUNE.

I.

May comes, day comes.
One who was away comes;
All the earth is glad again,
Kind and fair to me.

May comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
Set his place at hearth and board
As they used to be.

May comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
Higher are the hills of home,
Bluer is the sea.

II.

June comes, and the moon comes
Out of the curving sea,
Like a frail golden bubble,
To hang in the lilac tree.

June comes, and a croon comes
Up from the old gray sea,
But not the longed-for footstep
And the voice at the door for me.

James Whitcomb Riley, in his 'Home-Folks' (Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill), is an exception to the general charge of arrested development. He adds nothing in quality to his previous dialect poems, but in the following lines he perhaps touches a profounder chord than he has ever before struck (p. 39):

O LIFE! O BEYOND!

Strange—strange, O mortal Life,
The perverse gifts that came to me from you!
From childhood I have wanted *all* good things:
You gave me few.

You gave me faith in One
Divine—above your own imperious might,
O mortal Life, while I but wanted you
And your delight.

I wanted dancing feet,
And flowery, grassy paths by laughing streams;
You gave me loitering steps, and eyes all blurred
With tears and dreams.

I wanted love—and, lo!
As though in mockery, you gave me loss.
O'erburdened sore, I wanted rest; you gave
The heavier cross.

I wanted one poor hut
For mine own home, to creep away into:
You gave me only lonelier desert lands
To journey through.

Now, at the last vast verge
Of barren age, I stumble, reel, and fling
Me down, with strength all spent and heart athirst
And famishing.

Yea, now, Life, deal me death,—
Your worst—your vaunted worst! . . . Across my breast
With numb and fumbling hands I gird me for
The best.

The new school of German writers, headed by Hauptmann, is perhaps responsible for the wild, picturesque, and in part supernatural drama, called the 'Ghost of Rosalys,' by Charles Leonard Moore (Philadelphia—privately printed); though the scene is transferred to an old French château, and rather gains by it. Some passages are vigorous, and even fine, as where the heroine is threatened with banishment from her castle, and meets it with this fine note of womanliness (p. 63):

"Anywhere! God, the world is wide enow!
What does it matter if we starve in rags
So our proud brows untarnished keep the flags
Of honor flying. You think me weak and frail;
See if I will in aught my husband fail.
Do you know what wifehood means? It is to be
A servant mistress. To strive for mastery
Only for kindness. While joy lasts to caress,
Make breathless with expected happiness,
Vex, torment, be ten thousand things at once,
So that he tire not. But when Joy's sand runs
And Sorrow turns the hour-glass, then indeed
To be the perfect partner of his need,
To keep no separate self count—but to toss
All, all your being to make up his loss—
To go forth with one Faith unto one Fate—
Nor look back at the Angel at the gate:
To sin together, to be together sent
Out of your Eden into banishment!"

Toward the conclusion, the drama rises into the preternatural, with Lucifer and the angels and with a post-mortem theory, not quite intelligible, of the resurrection of the hero and heroine into a final life amid home and its scenery.

Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy adds to his twin distinction as a mathematician and a novelist by the authorship of a thin volume, 'Songs of Two' (Scribner), containing some thirty short poems which combine the romance of one of his previous vocations with the terseness and precision of touch which suggest the other. These two brief examples show that the book should have been larger (pp. 13, 32):

LOVE ME NOT.

Love me not, Dearest, for the smile,
The tender greeting, or the wile
By which, unconscious of its road,
My soul seeks thine in its abode;
Nor say, "I love thee for thine eyes,"
For when Death shuts them, where thy skies?
But love me for my love,
Then am I safe from all surprise,
And thou above
The loss of all that dies.

IMMORTALITY.

My window is the open sky,
The flower in farthest wood is mine;
I am the heir to all gone by,
The eldest son of all the line.

And when the robbers, Time and Death,
Athwart my path conspiring stand,
I cheat them with a clod, a breath,
And pass the sword from hand to hand!

We have more than once praised the admirable translations, especially from Heredia, by Edward Robeson Taylor of San Francisco. His new volume, 'Memories, and Other Verses' (San Francisco—privately printed), has a few difficult and admirable translations, and many poems written perhaps with too great facility, but some of them exhibiting in the sonnet, which is his favorite form, an exquisite precision and delicacy of touch, as in the following (p. 7):

IN TIME OF MAY.

Within thy silvern bars, oh, hold me fast,
My Sonnet;—hold me safely, that my dream
Of immemorial blooms on men may beam
In all thy artistry of splendor cast.
To murmurous music of the far-off Past
Again I loiter by the woodland stream,
Till on its memory-haunted banks I deem
Myself with joys in fairy legion massed.
Once more I seek the walnut's easeful shade
To eat the mandrake's gold-hued apple there,
As all the ravishments of May are mine;
Once more with her that in the grave was laid
Long, long ago, I breathe the fragrant air,
And pluck at her fond wish the columbine.

'Idyls of El Dorado,' by Charles Keeler (Robertson: San Francisco), has the immense advantage of fresh material ranging from Monterey to Alaska, and of vignettes designed from the California flowers. Some of the poems are elaborate, perhaps rather academic, but always with a background of California scenery. We have not before seen the redwood tree so well sung (p. 5):

TO A REDWOOD TREE.

Praise be to thee,
O time-wrought monument!
Praise be to thee,
O sky-supporting pillar!
The stars that shine above thee,
The earth that dreams below thee,
The mountains that have borne thee,
All loud proclaim thy glory.
All chant to thee their choral.

Thy shaft is as a column
Of heav'n's wide arch of azure,
Thy boughs are spread about thee
In stately sweeps of verdure;
Thy form is robed in splendor,
With majesty invested—
O praise be to thee,
Fair monument of time!

The winds are thy companions.
The skies bend round thy branches,
The earth supports thy vastness,—
And all day long the soft winds sigh
Their song of praise to thee,
And all the night the wild winds sweep
Amid thy sheltering arms.

Something of the same local coloring belongs to 'The Path of Gold,' by Carrie Blake Morgan (New Whatcom: Edson & Irish). The author's poems are dedicated to her sister, the well-known poet of that far Western region, Mrs. Ella Higginson, who has, however, written better verse herself. At any rate, these new poets of the Pacific Coast are well worth watching.

It is to be noted, however, that Mr. Charles Elmer Jenney publishes even in California his 'Scenes of My Childhood' (Fresno, Cal.: *Republican* Publishing Company), which is full of verses and illustrations all seeming as if there were no place but New England in the world. Another attractive book of the same kind is 'The Mountain Maid, and Other Poems of New Hampshire,' by Edna Dean Proctor (Houghton), with many spirited poems of New Hampshire legend and attractive photographs of scenery. 'From Mayflowers to Mistletoe: A Year with the Flower Folk,' by Sarah J. Day (Putnam), is a book charming in conception, almost all the poems being founded on American wild-flowers; but the execution is not quite so poetic as the plan. Something of the same limitation belongs to 'Songs of North and South,' by Walter Malone (Louisville: Morton), the best pages 'n which are enriched by the simple enumeration of details, as thus (p. 12):

SEPTEMBER IN TENNESSEE.

The sad September comes with asters in her auburn hair,
Her lovely face transfigured with a gentle touch of care,
With pale blue morning-glories, paler than her pale blue eyes,
And pearly hillside hazes, dimmer than her dreamy skies.

She comes with cataracts of amber honeysuckles sweet,
With golden-rods that powder all her garments and her feet,
With humming-birds for heralds, all bedecked in starry scales,
With glow of jewelled armor, burnished throats and twinkling tails.

Amid her forest depths, like white-limbed giants in the land,
The clean athletic sycamores in naked grandeur stand;
And now the sweetgum overflows with aromatic drops,
While pungent sassafras perfumes the bramble-tangled copse.

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Pecans on bending branches hang their wealth of clustered nuts,
And chinquepins and hazels ripen by the negro huts;
The brown buckeyes are swelling, purple wild-grapes swinging low,
And sumach berries by the fence like blood-red torches glow.

And now the year has lost the gladness of her girlhood time,
And prose of homely Autumn follows Spring and Summer rhyme;
Deserted by the song-birds, hang her melancholy bowers,
And like a cobweb curtain swing her deathly-pale moon-flowers.

But it is impossible not to recognize the immaturity of a poet who prints a poem of six eight-line stanzas, each of which begins and ends with the name of Edith Adair—another of the same length with a similar duplication of words, Geraldine Gray—and fills other poems in the same way with signal-lights hung out for Genevieve Mar, Mary of Jonesburg, and Beautiful Jean, with other lyrics addressed in similar monotony to "Lucy, my lass" and "Lucy, my own." The traditional multifariousness of Southern love-making is certainly vindicated by Mr. Malone's muse.

'Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic; to which is added Cromwell, an Historical Play,' by Sarah King Wiley (New York: Richmond), is one of the books which inevitably leave in the critic's mind the doubt whether he is dealing with a poet or only with a poetic mind. Miss Wiley's descriptions of nature are always rich and thoughtful, though sometimes marred by odd phrases, such as "a wannish sheen" (p. 11), or "the silver sliver of the moon" (p. 12), and she always is at her best in dealing with classical or mediæval themes, where the very names help the romance. Her best line, perhaps, is where she describes the huntress who watches the sleeping Endymion,

"With all her senses shrunken into sight."

But when she comes to deal with the battle of Lexington or of Monmouth, she is less effective, and her historical play, though it has life and vigor, still seems rather a promise than a performance.

"Ad Astra," by Charles Whitworth Wynne (Lane), is a long and somewhat monotonous poem marked by ardent Anglicism and strong condemnation of the Jews, and dedicated to "An Unknown Goddess." Apparently this unknown deity is, to the author at least, Liberty. Mrs. Annie Fields desires, like Keats, to touch once more the beautiful mythology of Greece before she bids it farewell, but we cannot think her effort a supreme success. The title of her book is 'Orpheus, A Masque' (Houghton). The scene of Capt. Arthur Peterson's 'Collected Poems' (Philadelphia: Coates & Co.) is laid partly in New Sweden (Delaware), partly in Japan, and partly in Samoa, and he employs good and even fresh material, if without great inspiration.

As the English-speaking nations are yet occupied in wars of invasion, books of poetry still appear on both sides. 'Men of Men,' by C. Fox Smith (London: Sampson Low), offers the usual beverage of watered Kipling on one side, while Denis A. McCarthy, in 'A Round of Rimes' (Review Publishing Company), celebrates Paul Kruger and Gen. Joubert. For the rest, this last author is a mellow-hearted Irishman, who is at his best in echoing the same rhymes and melodies which the older Irish bards have sung, as in the following (p. 21):

AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folks assemble and the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

. . . . . .

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

A much more highly cultivated author, of Irish origin, is the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, who publishes his poems under the name of 'Cithara Mia' (Boston: Marlier), containing much harvest of travel and varied study—Arabian and Culdee traditions on the one side, June roses on the other; but the most unwonted form of priestly poetry comes in the following semblance of a French song (p. 201):

COSETTE.

Across the gray sands of Dinan,
Cosette!
Comest thou, bird of sea and song,
Cosette!
Thy hair-cloud streaming far behind,
Vexed by the teasing, amorous wind,
Light in thy laughing eyes, and kind,
Cosette!

Where art thou now? On what far brink,
Cosette!
Of life's wild waves, that swell and sink?
Cosette!
Dead is the spring of nimble feet,
Dull are thine eyes' glad fires, and fleet,
And silvered age thy youth must greet,
Cosette!

Back, Fancy! and let Memory paint
Cosette!
Hers are the lines most true, tho' faint,
Cosette!
Child wert thou then! Child art thou now!
Life's dawn upon thy shining brow!
Woman and wise? God disallow!
Cosette!

. . . . . .

Nay! let me see thee as afar,
Cosette!
Above the floor of yonder star,
Cosette!
When we shall meet in halls of heaven,
Beyond those peaks with sorrow riven,
Let me behold my child of seven,
Cosette!

A curious and interesting book of Latin hymns is 'Hymns Translated and Original,' by A. S. Chavasse, Senior Fellow and Late Senior Tutor of University College, Oxford (Henry Frowde). The translations are not made from the original text, but from the last edition of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' Thus, the editor thinks that most readers would prefer to accept Wesley's "Christmas Hymn" in the modified shape of the church services,

"Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel,"

instead of the original

"Pleased as Man with man to appear
Jesus our Immanuel here."

But what the poets themselves would say to this modification, he does not inquire, knowing, perhaps, that all writers of hymns are accustomed to sorrow. Mr. Chavasse can hardly be said on the whole to have improved his hundred and twenty-eight hymns by translating them. For instance, Dr. Watts's high-water mark of real poetry,

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home,"

is sadly diluted in the Latin (p. 102):

Præteritum nobis Deus auxiliate per aevum,
Venturi nobis temporis alma Salus,
Perfugium bacchante Noto portusque procellæ,
Certa per æternam Spesque Domusque diem,

and a similar enfeebling effect is produced upon Heber's resounding verses,

"The Son of God goes forth to war" (p. 120).

But this is by no means a specimen of Mr. Chavasse's success, and many of his terser versions, especially in the mediæval rhyming Latin, are condensed and fine, as for instance this of Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" (p. 46):

Iesu, Qui amasti me,
Ad Te sine fugiam,
Vita dum ceu turbine
Undam volvit timidam;
Dum componis hiemem,
Conde, mi Salvator, me;
Duc in portus sospitem,
Spiritumque suscipe.

This is followed by an equally good translation of "Thou art the way," by the elder Doane, the only American hymn, so far as we are aware, which is included in the collection.

'Ye Gods and Little Fishes,' by James A. Henshall, M.D., of Bozeman, Mont. (Cincinnati: Clarke), is a mock-heroic poem, being a travesty on the Argonautic expedition, and inscribed to Admiral Dewey, whose shipmate the author has apparently been. It is printed in a handsome illustrated volume. The writer has previously published several books upon fishing, but has seldom stooped to smaller game than here. If this author has, however, given us too much of what the late Edmund Quincy used to call "specific levity," that is the only good quality wanting to a new singer, Alexander Blair Thaw, who writes his 'Poems' in California, prints them in London, and publishes them in New York (Lane). His volume has in it more thought, more fine images and utterances of deep feeling than any recent volume we have encountered, but it is written almost wholly in a graver and weightier measure than its compeers, and with a prevailing sombreness of tone. No one, for instance, has better handled the somewhat difficult problem of Kipling (p. 76):

TO A LAUREATE OF EMPIRE.

You sing to us the song of steam,
And true romance; our world is yours:
You draw things as they seem;
What know we if the dream
Dies or endures?

You set forth with the rising sun,
And watched your brothers as they wrought;
So they may read who run.
You told of work well done,
Battles well fought.

On every little thing and dear
You set the mark of true romance:
And wondrous true and clear
The forms of things appear
To your quick glance.

Out of the sunrise in the East
You came and made our dreams come true;
And made us, great and least,
Each man, and boy, and beast,
All friends to you.

. . . . . .

Were your romance then but a mist
To veil from us God's law and love,
'Twere better you had missed
The mark; nay, in the list
Ne'er thrown your glove.

Oh, better had our hands but shook,
And spilled the wine! Not now with laughter.
But through our tears we look,
Deep, deep within Life's book,
Before and after.

Think you we had not understood
The spirit of your spoken word?
We know the wine is good:
Being our very blood,
That you so stirred.

The wine is pure; but in the jar
Were left the old wine's bitter lees,
Whose bitterness shall mar
The vintage new, while war
Still taints the seas.

And since our war may never cease,
Shall we not make new bottles then,
Wherein the years of peace
Shall pour the Earth's increase
Of joy for men?

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You praise our work; why then we'll pray
For power to make, and better mould,
New jars of sweet earth's clay,
Those others put away,
Men made of old.

WENDELL'S LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA.

A Literary History of America. By Barrett Wendell, Professor of English at Harvard College. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

The title of this book, "a literary history," instead of a "history of literature," indicates its design and method. These are, to sketch the political and social history of a period, especially as affecting the intellectual life of the time, and then to coördinate with it the literature which came into being under these conditions. It is a profitable mode of study, and especially so when there is a tendency in the manuals of the day to treat literature as self-determined, or as handing down its traditions from one "school" to another, in continuous development, only disturbed from time to time by some violent irruption of external forces.

That American literature was in its origin a continuation of English literature, is obvious. The two are two stems springing from one root; at first so closely united that they are virtually one, then differentiating as they separate, until they are distinct trees. The first colonists of America belonged to the Elizabethan and early Stuart period, and brought with them the modes of thought and of expression of the time. They left England while men's minds were profoundly stirred by religious and political questions, and they brought away with them, as their most precious heirlooms, the Bible and the Common Law. With these in hand, and in their hearts all that these represented, the colonies began their existence as a part of England.

But they were embayed and withdrawn from the political currents of England and Europe. Prof. Wendell's parallel chapters show England passing from Tudor to Stuart policy, to the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution, and English literature passing from Shakspere to Milton, Wycherley, and Dryden, while the literature of New England passes from Michael Wigglesworth to Cotton Mather. "Such stagnation of social evolution . . . is only possible where the pressure of external fact is relaxed, and the individual type is stronger than the universal."

As the eighteenth century advanced, Americans, though, as compared with the English, still in a state of retarded development, gradually grew conscious of themselves as Americans, with interests and an environment of their own. While Jonathan Edwards brought his massive logic to buttress the old theology, and material interests inspired Franklin's philosophy of shrewd common sense, the events which led to the Revolution awakened the minds of Americans to their interest in great political questions and the doings of the world outside. They felt that they were not scattered colonists, but a people. Still, while thinking and feeling as Americans, they were thinking and feeling as Englishmen had thought and felt a little more than a hundred years before. It was England that had drifted and removed; they were standing in the old paths.

The Revolutionary period was unfavorable to pure literature, unless under that title we include political oratory. But it left feelings which found expression in literature later, such as the anti-British patriotism which glows so inspiringly in the romances of Cooper. And it implanted in us the American characteristic of which we are most justly proud—sympathy for all peoples who are struggling for freedom, except it be freedom from our own beneficent sway. But, with the beginning of the new century, pure literature revived, magazines and reviews were founded, and fiction, essays, and literary criticism made their appearance. New York aspired to lead in this renaissance, and Charles Brockden Brown (a Philadelphian by birth, whose literary life was chiefly passed in New York) founded the American novel, soon to be followed by Irving and Cooper. Brown and Irving deal with American subjects and scenery, but, outside of this, there is little to mark their work as characteristically American, admirable though it be in many respects.

The names chronicled by Professor Wendell show the literary activity of New York in the first half of the century; but not much of the work then produced had enduring value. Bryant wrote, perhaps, the best poetry that the country had yet given birth to, and with the note of *distinction* so often missing in American work. Poe (whom we may class with New York writers) had an unusually fine sense of literary criticism, and in his poems and tales showed a singular power of dealing with strange and fantastic moods of mind.

About the same time there was a remarkable intellectual and literary renaissance in New England. Unitarianism had arisen as a revolt against the iron-bound Calvinistic theology and as a liberalizing force. It taught belief in man as well as belief in God. "Spiritual freedom, the Unitarians maintained, must result in spiritual growth. For a dogmatic dread, they substituted an illimitable hope. Evil and sin, sorrow and weakness, they did not deny; but, trusting in the infinite goodness of God, they could not believe evil or sin, the sorrows or the weaknesses of humanity to be more than passing shadows." It was this attractive belief, enforced by the moral beauty of the lives of its leading teachers, that captured the fortresses of Calvinism and drew to its side the best part of the intellectual life of New England.

Closely connected with this enfranchisement was what was called "Transcendentalism," a movement often misunderstood, and treated by Professor Wendell, we think, with something less than his usual catholic breadth. While to the hasty observer some of its phenomena appear grotesque, it is not quite fair—at least, it may produce an unfair impression—to call it "an outbreak of intellectual and spiritual anarchy." It was, we may say, the Extreme Left of Unitarianism, the farthest dissidence from Calvinistic theology. Its literature, Professor Wendell justly says, "constantly and earnestly aspired to be a literature of both knowledge and power, seeking in the eternities for new ranges of truth, which should broaden, sweeten, strengthen, and purify mankind."

Of all the Transcendentals Emerson alone has secured literary eminence. And this he accomplished by freeing himself in a great measure from the estranging phraseology of the school, while holding fast to its spirituality. To his mind spiritual truths were the only ones worth serious consideration, and the spiritual development and elevation of the individual soul the true end of life. In his intense and contagious earnestness he is somewhat akin to Carlyle, though far enough in his serene optimism from the fuliginous misanthropy of the Seer of Chelsea. Like all idealists, he appeals strongly to the young; and it is impossible to estimate the effect that his teachings have had on the formation of character. Professor Wendell thus sums up his estimate of Emerson:

> "We may not care for the things he said, we may not find sympathetic the temper in which he uttered them, but we cannot deny that when, for two hundred years, intellectual tyranny had kept the native American mind cramped within the limits of tradition, Emerson fearlessly stood forth as the chief representative of that movement which asserted the right of every individual to think, to feel, to speak, to act for himself."

Professor Wendell's treatment of Hawthorne is very satisfactory. Hawthorne had a rare and delicate genius and the most refined artistic sense. The feeling of the world of mystery that surrounds our daily life was ever present with him. Such a feeling was traditional in the Puritan element, and the penumbra of the old witchcraft gloom still rested on Salem, his birthplace. But Hawthorne seized the grim old Puritan conceptions, glorified them by his genius, and wrought them into exquisite works. "Beyond any one else, he expresses the deepest temper of that New England race which brought him forth, and which now, at least in the phases we have known, seems vanishing from the earth."

Lowell and Holmes lived so near to us, and the impression of their personalities is still so strong upon us, that it is not safe to pass a judgment upon them. Professor Wendell sees in Lowell the chief American humanist; the man who cherished literature as preëminently the cultivating, refining, and humanizing influence. In Holmes, that admirable compound of wit and wisdom, he finds—it startled us when we came upon it—an American Voltaire. He hastens to admit the points of difference: the Frenchman lived in an almost unimaginably corrupt society, and had an innate coarseness in his nature; the American passed his life amid social surroundings altogether good and clean, and was himself pure as crystal. One was a bitter and malicious mocker, while the other's sharpest sarcasm is kindly. But, as Voltaire's life was a warfare against what around him was called Christianity, so Holmes was always in a mood of militancy against orthodox Calvinism. Both saw things clearly, both were impatient of hypocrisy, and both used wit as their weapon. The parallel is perhaps closer than that between Macedon and Monmouth.

Considerations of space prevent our noticing Professor Wendell's treatment of Southern writers—especially the poets, whose works, he thinks, may "forerun a spirit which shall give beauty and power to the American letters of the future"—as well as his views of Western literature. Both are handled with judgment, urbanity, and admirable liberality. He concludes with the conjecture that the characteristic American literature of the future will probably be developed from newspaper humor, magazine stories, and the popular drama. It may be so; but the present reviewer will cherish a modest hope of better things.

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The Rise of the Russian Empire. By Hector H. Munro. London: Grant Richards; Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Munro has undertaken a task which was awaiting the discoverer. He has felt, with all students of Russian history who are confined to works available in English, that the early period of the country's growth has presented but a dry, confused register of multitudinous princely aspirants to petty, perambulatory thrones, of fierce, incessant, but miscroscopic wars, both foreign and domestic. The confusion, it is true, arose chiefly from the apparent lack of motive in the majority of the moves upon the chess-board, the explanation for which was, necessarily, omitted from the only good work in English on this period, Rambaud's History of Russia. Rambaud, it should also be noted, sometimes errs in the original French, and is made to err still further in the English translation, through negligence and lack of intimate acquaintance with the subject on the part of the translator. Mr. Munro has, accordingly, attempted to render real and living the personages and events connected with the history of the infant colossus, from its earliest dawn down to the firm establishment upon the throne of the first Romanoff Tsar, in the year 1612. He succeeds admirably, it must be confessed. It is evident that the actors in the drama are as vividly before him as if they were holding a special performance, in the flesh, for his benefit and the benefit of his readers. His style is adequate to his vivifying enterprise—he has a genuine talent for picturesque and telling double-barrelled adjectives; but his vivacity of characterization, both of people and events, approaches perilously near flippancy at times when the dignity of the occasion and of history demands a certain gravity of statement. Yet the reader pardons even these blemishes for the sake of the keen analysis, sound common sense, and felicity of statement associated with them. Sketch-maps aid the reader in following the agile somersaults of the governing power in those early days, and four genealogical tables (of the Grand Princes of Kiev in capitals; of the Grand Prince in Kiev; with two corresponding tables for the Tsars of Moskovy) still further facilitate comprehension. The famous "Song of Igor's Expedition," hitherto inaccessible in English, is another valuable feature of the book; and the prefatory list of books consulted, in French, German, Russian, and English, offers an opportunity for fuller studies.

One statement of the author's preface is somewhat puzzling, however, in the light of evidence apparently to the contrary in the body of the work. He says: "The rule observed with regard to the rendering of names of places and persons has been to follow the spelling of the country to which they belong as closely as possible." Why, then, does he write *Toushin* instead of *Toushino*, *Oukrain* instead of *Oukraina?* Again: if Lithuania, Esthonia, Kourland, and Livonia are to follow the native appellation in each case, they should read respectively: Lietuva, Wiroma, Kurseme, and Lieveseme, while if the Russian name be applied (this being more rational than the English), they would be almost equally different from their form in these pages, as: Litva, Estlyandia, Kurlyandia, Liflyandia. In any case, the form employed, *Lit'uania*, with the apostrophe representing the b—the *yer'* or mute *y* (according to the convention by which it is elsewhere in the book correctly used), seems indefensible and misleading to the purely English reader. Then, too, if he objected to the time-hallowed form Cossack, why did he not comply with his own "rule," and spell it *kazák* instead of *Kozak?* In the matter of pronunciation, the English reader can hardly be expected to know that it is stressed *Kazák*. Mr. Munro leaves Tartar in its old English form, instead of adopting the Russian *Tatar*, as his rule demands.

The reader has another quarrel with this author—a quarrel such as would-be readers of the second Jungle Book have with Mr. Kipling: he deliberately uses Russian words where there are more or less suitable English equivalents, and he fails to chronicle a good share of these in his brief glossary, regardless of the fact that even a glossary is not so satisfactory as the English alone or (in extreme cases) bracketed with the Russian word. For example: *Vladuika* (not in the glossary), for *Prelate*, which represents the rank, although the Russian Church objects to the Roman Catholic term; the "Velikie Kniaz," and the "Krimskie Khan" instead of the Grand Prince, the Khan of Krim (or the Crimea); the "Krimskie Tartars," alternating with "Krim Tartars," and similar unnecessary if not downright awkward use of the Russian adjective, such as the "Liublinskie Union," the "Novgorodskie authorities," the "Tzarskie army," wherein by the way, no difference is made between the singular and the plural form. *Strielitz, hetman, voevoda* are pardonable, because accepted and intelligible. *Gosoudar*, the specific title of the Emperor, is really a good innovation, if properly explained or bracketed; but *gosoudarstvo* had better have been translated "kingdom" than left to the guessing powers of the reader, even if it does not accurately represent the fact. *Vremenshiki*, once explained, but not entered in the glossary, although often used, might better be rendered "favorites in power." And, in conclusion, there seems to be no good reason why the inhabitants of Novgorod, Nizhni-Novgorod, Tchernigov should not be called Novgorodians, and so forth, instead of *Novgorodskie, Nijhnienovgorodskie*, and *Tchernigovskie*, if the inhabitants of Kiev, Kazan, Pskov, and Moskva are designated as Kievians, Kazanese, Pskovians, and Moskovies; while it would be difficult to allege a satisfactory excuse for bewildering the lay reader with "Ljhedimitri" for "The False Dimitry" (or the Pretender), "Ljhepetr" for the "False Peter," or *kolokols* for bells. However, as it seems an impossibility to cure writers on Russian subjects of this little affectation, the reader must wrestle with it as best he may, and return thanks to Mr. Munro for a delightful as well as an instructive volume.

Between the Andes and the Ocean. By William Eleroy Curtis. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 1900.

Presumably the purpose of this ponderous octavo is to reintroduce the people of the west coast of South America to the North American public, in view of the opportunity which will soon be afforded of seeing the evidences of their state of culture at the Pan-American Exposition. How far it will stimulate to a closer acquaintance with the Ecuadorians, Peruvians, and Chileans, is a matter of considerable doubt. It is unattractive in literary style, and no thought seems to have been bestowed upon the method of presenting data. It reads like the unedited jottings in a tourist's journal. The tourist, moreover, was often in a condition of excessive levity, retailing anecdotes that savor of the café gossip current among the foreign colonies in the South American cities. What is still more surprising, considering the reputation which the author enjoys for familiarity with the Spanish language, is the misspelling of common Spanish words, occurring so persistently throughout the book that the errors cannot be charged to careless proofreading. As examples of these we may cite *haciendados* for *hacendados*, and *arrerios* for *arrieros*, which are thus spelled dozens of times from title-page to finis. In addition, we find "Santa Domingo," *sirroche* for *soroche*, "Chilanos," "cabellero," *cuedebra* for *quebrada*, as conspicuous and often repeated mistakes; and, finally, as if to emphasize his weakness in the fundamentals of the language, Mr. Curtis explains that the English name Giles is pronounced in Spanish as if it were spelt "Hy-lees"!

Errors of fact are also too numerous to be dealt with in detail. It is evident that our author's knowledge of Whymper's explorations in the high Andes of Ecuador has been obtained at second hand, or he could not credit him with having ascended Chimborazo, but having failed to reach the summit of Cotopaxi. He is perhaps to be pardoned for not knowing that it is the Dutch, and not the British East Indian colonies, that have monopolized the culture of cinchona bark, but we can hardly understand how a traveller in the Bolivian plateau could locate the famous Huanchaca silver mine at Oruro. As a promoter of mines, Mr. Curtis might take high rank, judging by the facility with which he affirms that the Bolivian copper mines often turn out ore containing from 80 to 90 per cent. of pure metal, while "the average of the tin is 73 per cent" (p. 325). Such simple credulity, which shows again in his acceptance of the old fable of a subterranean outlet from Lakes Titicaca and Poopo, through the Andes to the Pacific, is amusing, but it indicates a mediæval state of faith to believe that Mr. Agassiz could have made so preposterous a statement as the following: "Professor [read, Mr. Alexander] Agassiz made more than five hundred soundings [in Lake Titicaca] during his explorations, and came to the conclusion that the waters now occupy what was once the crater of a mighty volcano, which in the centre is still open to the centre of the earth" (p. 266).

In some respects, however, the book has merit. The strong points in the character of the South Americans are brought out, their bravery, their natural kindliness, their efforts to ameliorate the condition of the masses, as shown in the labors of the Descalzos monks in Peru; their progress in education, their emancipation from ecclesiastical domination. Such descriptions as that given of a session of the Peruvian Chamber of Deputies must go far toward correcting erroneous impressions concerning the conduct of state business in South America. Mr. Curtis also displays a sympathetic understanding of the spirit of political evolution through revolutions, in his account of the striking career of President Alfaro of Ecuador. Though the methods employed are

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more violent than we have been accustomed to since the winning of our own popular rights with the sword, we must have respect for the self-sacrificing efforts of a true patriot in contending against the bigotry of a corrupt and grasping clergy, that would stifle progress in intellectual growth for the sake of retaining absolute power. The discussions of South American politics are handled throughout by the author with intelligence and in a critical spirit that gives them superior value. A most interesting matter, regarding which we can but wish Mr. Curtis had supplied fuller details, is the survival among the Aymará Indians of Bolivia of a dream that the old Inca empire will be reëstablished, bringing again the blessings of that combined socialism and paternalism for which the government of the Incas was so remarkable. That the memory of the old régime should endure in these people, and influence them in such political views as they may possess, is a striking circumstance, worthy of further investigation.

While the author in the main deals fairly and unpatronizingly with the peoples of South America, he reveals the lordly feeling of superiority which a conquering imperialistic race can with difficulty keep long hidden, where he says (p. 397) that "while the people of Chile are very far advanced in civilization, more so probably than those of any other country in South America, you still see and hear some odd things, and they still stick to the Spanish language"!

The Migration of Birds as Observed at Irish Lighthouses and Lightships. By Richard M. Barrington, M.A., LL.B., F.L.S. Pp. xxiv, 285, 667. Maps, Tables, and Diagrams. London: R. H. Porter. [1900].

This portly volume of nearly one thousand pages is, we believe, generally acknowledged by British ornithologists to be one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the study of bird life in Ireland. It is the outcome of twenty years' observations in a somewhat original channel by a trained and conscientious observer, who has inherited habits of exact scrutiny regarding natural phenomena. Some seventy years ago a Dublin merchant was attracted by the natural capabilities of a somewhat bare hillside tract on the borders of the Counties Dublin and Wicklow. He took it on a long lease at a fair rent, and, possessed of business habits, ample capital, and plenty of brains, turned it into a profitable farm, surrounding one of the most beautiful homes in Ireland. Meteorological observations were made and recorded. From the very first a ledger account was kept for every field and every crop. For decades past it is to the records at Fassaroe (Hibernicè, "The Glad Wilderness"), which have always been placed at the service of the public, that Irish statisticians and engineers have turned for information concerning climatic conditions, crop yields, and the possibilities of Irish agriculture. The son of the original renter is now the owner of Fassaroe under one of the late land-purchase acts. An enthusiastic agriculturist, he is well known as an authority on land values, and is besides no ordinary botanist and ornithologist. This book is his. In 1879, at the instigation of the British Association, observations concerning bird migration in Great Britain were sought to be procured from the lighthouse keepers on the coasts of England and Scotland. These were continued with more or less success for seven years and then discontinued. Mr. Barrington took up the work for Ireland in 1881.

"The time and attention of the light-keepers were [with the permission of the Irish Lights Board] given voluntarily, and without payment they have filled over one thousand schedules, and made about thirty thousand separate observations on birds during the past eighteen years. Over two thousand specimens were forwarded to corroborate these observations. The light-keepers deserve not only my gratitude, but that of all their fellow-countrymen who take an interest in the birds of Ireland."

The volume opens with lists of the Irish lights, their situation and powers, and with copies of the schedules and forms used. We then find a table "showing for several species, both in spring and autumn, the dates of arrival and departure, . . . whether long-winged or short-winged birds come first, the dates on which the earliest and latest specimens have been killed, and the northernmost and southernmost light-stations from which examples of each species have been forwarded."

The book proper consists of *1—285* pp. of analyses of reports, 1—619 pp. of detailed reports, followed by tables of measurements of wings, and an index. It is of interest mainly to the ornithologist, but it contains much that can be "understanded" and may even be found fascinating by the ordinary reader. Its very casual perusal is beneficial as an example of guarded statement and conscientious avoidance of hastening to generalities.

The "specimens" of course kill themselves, flying at night and in thick weather against the glass of the lighthouses. At times, in the migration season, the outside galleries are piled thick with a mass of feathered bodies. The power of flight of some birds is shown to be extraordinary, 7-16 inch outside plate-glass of lights occasionally being smashed through by such heavy species as ducks, even the keel of the breast-bone being flattened at the same time. The longer-winged examples arrived first in spring.

"The close connection between lunar darkness and the number of birds killed striking" is demonstrated. "It does not imply that there is less migration during moonlight, but it proves that the birds avoid the lanterns at that time." "The number of birds killed striking in the autumn considerably exceeds the deaths from a similar cause in spring. This may be due either to the longer autumnal nights, or to the greater number of birds in the autumnal rushes, or to the fact that many of them are young and inexperienced, or, what is most probable, to a combination of all three causes." "Neither the wings nor the statistics afford any sufficient clue to enable one to determine positively in any given species whether the young birds precede the old ones or not."

As to why so many birds, of apparently feeble flight, should select the night-time for travelling, "it is worth while considering whether these voyagers do not thereby greatly diminish one of the chief perils of migration, namely, destruction by gulls at sea, and near shore by hawks of various species." The height at which birds fly is an interesting problem. Fixed lights are more fatal than revolving, and white light than red. "One way of accounting for the comparative scarcity of seaward movements is to assume that departing birds ascend to a great height, and so escape observation, and that they descend gradually when approaching land"; also, "arriving birds are more likely to strike than those departing, because, among other reasons, many lights are partially obscured at the landward side." "It is the force and not the direction of the wind which hastens or delays the departure of birds." The author's consideration of the migration routes is interesting. Apart from the scientific data afforded by Mr. Barrington's analysis of the observations, he has considerably enlarged the heretofore known number of feathered visitors to Ireland. And Irish self-respect cannot but be raised by the steady, intelligent observant powers shown through so many years by his lieutenants, the Irish lightkeepers.

The American Negro. By William Hannibal Thomas. The Macmillan Co. 1901.

The author of this book, himself one of the proscribed race, informs us that he doubts if any white person lives who has an adequate comprehension of negro characteristics. However this may be, we doubt if any such comprehension will be obtained from a perusal of the present disquisition. It is largely a railing accusation, frequently coarse, and generally undiscriminating. Mr. Thomas, it is true, begins by warning us that the admitted degradation of the race is not characteristic of all persons of negroid ancestry. There is, he says, a saving remnant of good men and true women. But he presently forgets his caution, and daubs his canvas with the blackest colors. The negro, in his opinion, "not only lacks a fair degree of intuitive knowledge, but so dense is his understanding that he blindly follows weird fantasies and hideous phantoms"; he appears incapable of understanding the difference between evidence and assertion, proof and surmise. The negro intelligence is both superficial and delusive. The chief mental anxiety of the freedman is for the immediate gratification of his physical senses. The highest aspiration of negro ambition is, not to acquire the essential spirit of knowledge, but to imitate mechanically what he only succeeds in caricaturing. The educated class "rarely seeks for truth in statement, but rather for rhetorical flourish, skill in contradiction, and word-juggling, in order to confuse, bewilder, and impose upon their hearers, and to make those among the less informed believe them to be wise and all-knowing." "The negro life is a conglomeration of specious expedients, evolved from high-sounding precepts that have existence and source in the pretensions of arrant hypocrisy."

Negro religion, Mr. Thomas continues, is worthless as a factor in race regeneration: "The great majority of the professedly religious negroes are visibly seamed and seared with carnal vices." "Falsehood, hypocrisy, pilfering, and drunkenness are but minor vibrations in an ascending gamut of saintly turpitude." A large majority of the negro ministry is conspicuous for licentious indulgence with church members. The chief and overpowering element in the negro make-up is an imperious sexual impulse, to which both sexes yield unquestioned obedience. Marriage is no bar to illicit indulgence. It is almost impossible to find a chaste negro over fifteen years of age. These charges, and others as sweeping, are sustained by specific illustrations which are

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not suitable for quotation, and the negro schools are described as little better than the negro homes.

To a certain extent the sweeping character of these accusations is attributable to the fatal fluency of expression which sometimes goes with imperfect education. To apply the author's generalizations to his own case:

"When the negro acquires the terminology of things, he vainly imagines himself endowed with a knowledge of the subject-matter represented thereby. . . . And his mental environment is not only complicated by the fact that in his quest for knowledge he never gets beyond unverified theoretical assertion and memorized verbal learning, but also because the opinions he asserts are echoings of second-hand utterances. . . . He talks too fast and too recklessly to afford time for pause or opportunity to think; hence his indiscriminate use of words, and the frequently disagreeable, and sometimes disastrous, consequences that ensue from his ill-timed sentences and falsely gauged phrases."

In short, the author profusely employs long and technical words with little notion of their meaning, because his ear is pleased, or he believes his readers will be impressed, with sounding periods. He thus exaggerates unintentionally; but he also exaggerates recklessly and even wilfully. Fortunately, we are not without evidence, furnished by trustworthy negro witnesses, that the condition of the race is very different from what it is here represented to be. The vices described by Mr. Thomas are known to exist, and in a discouraging and even appalling degree; but a wise man will not frame an indictment of a whole people.

Paradoxically enough, the aspersive matter in this book is what gives it such value as it has. The practical suggestions for reform are puerile in the extreme, and show that the author is incompetent to give advice. To the question, What can be done to ameliorate the condition of the negroes? he replies: "We have but one solution to offer, and that is an amenable family supervision of such a character as will impart to its old and young useful knowledge of immediate needs, and induce one and all to strive for sincere social betterment. As we see this question, the one supreme need of negro family life is regenerated fathers and mothers, and wholesome living." This is sufficiently absurd; but it is surpassed by the grave application to our negro problem of the current twaddle about the duty of the whites to inferior races. When such talk began to be heard, its reaction on this problem was dreaded; and this book shows that the apprehension was justified. The author announces that, "as the freedman is not amenable to verbal suasion," it is our duty to back up commands for right-doing with force. "The one fundamental remedy is the eradication, root and branch, of negro ideals, characteristics, and other inherited idiosyncrasies." The negro has neither the intellect nor will to institute self-redemptive measures. Force must be applied, "of such inexorable and all-pervading efficiency as to implant in them ethical and mental vigor." Therefore, "the exponents and custodians of our civilization have a right to say to them: 'You evince neither capacity for rational self-government, nor intelligent conformity to our standards of civic social polity.'" Hence we have a "God-ordained right to insist that all who are within the limits of our custody shall accept and conform to the standards which we have set up, and if they fail therein, we will exercise the right to force them into submission or extermination." Such language may pass in a President's message concerning the Philippines; but when the doctrine is applied to the treatment of our negro fellow-citizens, it should startle those who have given it thoughtless approval.

The Inhabitants of the Philippines. By Frederic H. Sawyer. Scribners.

Mr. Sawyer is obviously more accustomed to the theodolite than to the pen, yet he has made an interesting and useful book. His residence in the Philippines for fourteen years has been reinforced to good advantage by study of the best authorities, Spanish and German, as well as English; so that the record of his personal experience and observation is supplemented by much valuable statistical and historical matter. His chief motive for writing is, he avows, to speak a good word for the native, whom he well knows and partly admires, and whom he is certain that most foreign critics have slandered. As compared with American writers on the Philippines, it may be said that Mr. Sawyer thinks better of the Filipinos, but less favorably of the prospects of their commercial exploitation. Many even of our official forecasts of the wealth to be got out of the archipelago he dismisses as "fairy-stories." To his mind, we shall be doing exceedingly well if we double the foreign commerce of the Philippines in twenty years. Our beginnings of rule there he thinks horribly inept, but is apparently persuaded that we are to stay and blunder into something better.

As we have intimated, Mr. Sawyer's style is somewhat staccato and rambling, but he has packed real information into his volume. The resources and possibilities of the islands he discusses as a cool-headed engineer. His chapters on the religious orders tend to make them out a natural and even necessary growth, a real aid in the civilization of the past; but none the less his verdict is that now they "must go." He does not add, what Judge Taft has made uncomfortably clear, that we must first pay them to go. Mr. Sawyer devotes an adequate number of pages to Philippine manufactures, agriculture, and commerce; social life in Manila has a chapter to itself, as also does "Sport"; the various islands are taken up in turn, with races, customs, religions, etc. He furnishes maps and tables (chronological, linguistic, commercial, and other), and has adorned his book with more than forty full-page illustrations after photographs. All told, a worthy and timely work.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Apthorp, W. F. The Opera, Past and Present. (Music Lover's Library.) Scribners. $1.25.
Avenel, Vicomte G. d'. La Noblesse française sous Richelieu. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50c.
Banks, Mary M. Morte Arthure (Robert of Thornton). Longmans, Green & Co.
Bigelow, M. M. The Law of Torts. New ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
Bingham, J. F. Christian Marriage: The Ceremony, History, and Significance. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Cassell's National Library: (1) Shakespeare: The Life and Death of King John; (2) Spenser; The Shepherd's Calendar; (3) Hentzner, Paul. Travels in England. 10 cents each.
Charlevoix, P. F. X. de. History and General Description of New France, Vol. 1 (six vols.). Francis P. Harper. $3 per vol.
Drummond, Hamilton. A King's Pawn. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Duckworth, Lawrence. The Law relating to General and Particular Average. London: Effingham Wilson.
Foley, Charles. Le Roi des Neiges. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50c.
Frangipani's Ring: An Event in the Life of Henry Thode. Translated by J. F. C. L. London: John Macqueen.
Goblot, Edmond. Le Vocabulaire Philosophique. Paris: Armand Colin. 5 fr.
Grand, Sarah. Babs the Impossible. Harpers. $1.50.
Hanna, C. A. Historical Collections of Harrison County (Ohio). New York: Privately printed.
Heberden, C. B. Euripides: Hecuba. Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d.
Holt, Henry. Talks on Taxation. Macmillan.
Le Strange, G. Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate. Henry Frowde. 16s.
Leyland, John. The Shakespeare Country Illustrated. London: Country Life; New York: Scribners. $3.50.
Lilly, W. S. A Year of Life. John Lane.
May, M. B. The Continental Congress. [Prize Essay.] Cincinnati: Published by the Author.
New York Charities Directory, 1901. New York: Charity Organization Society.
Packard, F. R. The History of Medicine in the United States. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Ralph, Julian. An American with Lord Roberts. F. A. Stokes Co.
Saintsbury, George. A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe, Vol. I. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
The Training of Rachel Haller. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.50.
Vachell, H. A. John Charity. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Worcester, D. C. The Philippine Islands and their People. New ed. Macmillan. $2.50.

REIGHARD AND JENNINGS'S
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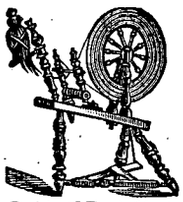
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